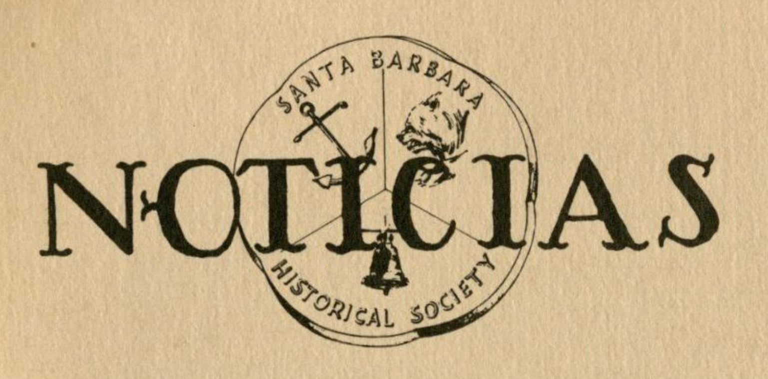
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
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G. Frakes



Montecito Valley and the Crocker-Sperry packing house, 1895
Stella H. Rouse

Vol. XXIV, No. 4 Winter, 1978



Montecito and Santa Barbara Boy Scouts led by Paul Sweetser
Cameron Conkey

Top row, left to right: Unidentified, Cameron Conkey, Kenneth Conkey, Unidentified.
Middle row: ----Manross, Unidentified, Paul Sweetser, Edwin Malloy.
Front row: Unidentified, ----Manross, Unidentified, Dale Smith.

Montecito

There are many facets of Montecito, which nurtured a wide variety of inhabitants from the Indian dwellers, Spanish and Yankee pioneers, enterprising Yankees to wealthy easterners and middle class working people.

Some geographical dictionaries say that Montecito means "little mountain," but Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez in *Place Names of California* states that in California *monte* was more often used to mean a wood rather than a hill, consequently our neighboring community probably was named "little wood" for the many trees in the area. Long-time residents still remember the large oak grove at the corner of Olive Mill Road and the Coast Highway, which gave way to a subdivision after World War II. The chaparral-covered slopes were favorite hiding places of outlaws in Santa Barbara's 1850s. Joaquin Murieta, the most notorious, is said to have taken a switch from the "big grapevine" in Montecito to urge his horse on one of his escapes to the back country, where he planted it, and it flourished for many years.

Montecito was part of the Santa Barbara pueblo lands under the Spanish and Mexican governments. Portions were alloted to soldiers whose terms of enlistment at the presidio expired, and to new settlers from Spain and Mexico. Scattered among Montecito mansions and comfortable homes are a few adobe houses which date back to the days of Spanish settlement between the 1820s and the 1840s: the Masini, San Ysidro and "Hosmer" (Juarez) adobes.

Some settlers avoided the wooded areas where bandits might lurk, and found numerous regions too thickly covered with rocks to cultivate successfully with a primitive wooden plow. However, the residents' wants were simple, and they managed to cultivate squash, corn and beans, and eventually to have a few fig, pear, apple and olive trees for a food supply in Montecito's salubrious climate and virgin soil. Deer and cattle supplied them with venison and beef. A plant which thrived particularly well was the Big Grape Vine north of East Valley Road on Parra Grande Lane. It covered a vast arbor where Spanish dances, elections and social gatherings were held, and bore prodigious quantities of fruit until it was shipped to Philadelphia for the 1876 Centennial celebration.

The Grape Vine and the Montecito Hot Springs for popular medicinal baths were two tourist attractions in early American days.

As a consequence of grants to early colonists, much of Montecito was owned by people with Mexican surnames like Romero, Dominguez and Juarez. When their children were married, the parents divided the land for gifts to them, consequently their acreage became smaller and smaller. Lured by seemingly large financial remuneration, many of their descendants sold their holdings to Yankee settlers as they arrived.

In ensuing years, a number of the descendants of the Spanish families settled on small plots of land along East Valley Road near Parra Grande

Lane. There were stores, saloons and other neighborhood businesses for Hispanic customers, and the place acquired the name of "Spanish Town," or "Old Town."

Enterprising Yankee settlers like B. T. Dinsmore, W. A. Hayne, W. W. Haynes, Silas Bond and S. Conkling were far-sighted horticulturists who cleared the land, experimented with many crops, including well-known deciduous fruits as well as citrus and exotic species like bananas, and field crops, grapes and strawberries. Josiah Doulton, whose name is more often associated with Miramar Hotel, was an energetic agriculturist. But even as late as August, 1873, a newspaper item stated that "vagabonds and horse thieves" were harassing residents.

In the 1880s, more affluent easterners settled in the valley to develop fine estates on which they employed local residents for constructing rock walls, clearing and cultivating the land and as hostlers. The numerous intricate rock walls, as well as loosely piled "fences" attest to the vast amount of rocks in the region.

In an interview in 1977, Frank Juarez, born in Montecito, listed some of the prominent landholders of the late 1880s and 1890s: Perkins, Preston, Gallagher, Stoddard, Oothout and Gould. The Goulds directed their attention to olive growing, and one member of the family developed a greenhouse for raising out-of-season crops like watermelons. With the development of the Crocker-Sperry ranch in the 1890s, and the building of a large stone packing house for lemons, Montecito won recognition as a citrus-producing valley. The ranch site is now Birnam Wood Golf Club.

After the construction of the Potter Hotel in 1902, many wealthy easterners visited Santa Barbara, were impressed, and decided to build homes in Montecito. They developed grand showplaces there, and often maintained homes in their native states as well. A 1906 "building boom" resulted in a number of fine mansions in the valley, and again shortly before World War I other industrialists established fabulous estates, with extensive landscaping accentuated by imported European statuary and exotic vegetation.

The "society" people had their own entertainment, a country club, polo field, even a "country theater" for a time, and parties at the Arlington and Potter Hotels.

There was a "middle class" population in Montecito, too — people who catered to the needs of the wealthy in many ways. Since horses were the means of transportation up until the 1920s, and Montecito was comparatively far from Santa Barbara travel-wise, a trade center developed near the intersection of East Valley and San Ysidro Roads. A blacksmith shop and Buell's store were prominent businesses. Montecito eventually had a post office, a telephone exchange and a hand laundry. Churches and schools had evolved as the community prospered, but in the 1880s the middle class residents felt that something was needed to bind the community together. After preliminary planning and organization, according to a News-Press account, a community hall was constructed in 1889, on the mountain side of East Valley Road

near the present Fire Station. Leslie E. Conklin, long-time secretary, recalled that a sixty by ninety-foot pine building was constructed by volunteer labor. The hall included a stage, two dressing rooms and a large auditorium. A well-stocked library was begun.

By January, 1897, the Montecito Hall and Library Association had been incorporated, and the trustees had enough money to purchase half an acre of ground. Their charter said that the group was promoting "an enterprise which embraces a suitable hall for lectures, concerts and public meetings, an attached library and reading room, a tea room and room for meetings of committees and ladies' societies." Resident contributors supplied the funds for their project. For three years from 1897 to 1900, there was only fund-raising for a large new U-shaped building, erected on a lot on the opposite side of the road in 1900. On July 26, 1900, a number of Santa Barbarans drove to Montecito for its dedication. President James Morgan gave the opening address, and several village residents presented a play, "The Lippincott Church Coup."

Charter members included Captain A. L. Anderson, H. G. Buell, L. Conklin, Dr. E. W. Crooks, Messrs. and Mmes. Josiah Doulton and W. S. Spring, Theodore DePue, the Dinsmore brothers, Judge E. B. Hall, Samuel W. Gilchrist, Thomas Hosmer, M. K. Wade, Samuel Wyant, A. M. Neal, Miss Julia Gould, James Morgan, Mrs. E. A. Buell, Hiram Brundage, Edwin Sawyer, Thomas Tabor and William von Grasveldt.

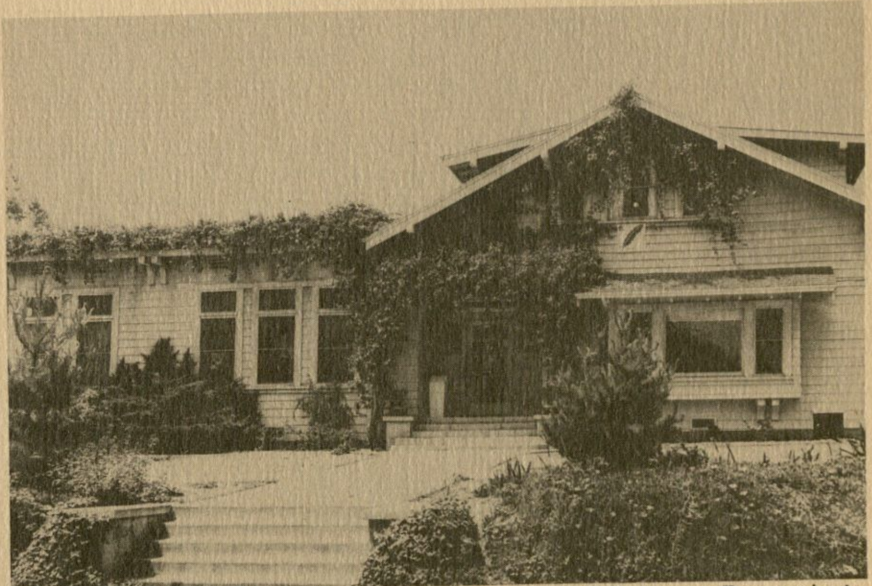
Although membership in the group became "hereditary," new members were elected from time to time, and the club house was the meeting place for many community social activities. The property was deeded to the county in 1941, but served the American Red Cross during World War II, then again was open for community activities.

Not to be confused with this organization was another Montecito institution called the Montecito Home Club, begun in 1908 for young villagers. On November 18 there was a reception in its homelike club house "located across the street from Buell's store." There were reading and game rooms and a kitchen. Newspapers and periodicals were available, and various games and a piano offered opportunities for enjoyable afternoons and evenings.

The sponsors looked forward to offering sewing and cooking classes, but they realized that the room first used was much too small, and hoped to furnish larger quarters. This recreation center with Mrs. L. H. Terry as matron, was supported by subscription. The board of directors included Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Park, and Messrs. and Mmes. S. P. Calef, I. E. Leonard and Louis Jones.

In addition to offering daily recreational activities, young members of the Montecito Home Club were entertained at holiday parties.

Sloyd and domestic science had not been available to Montecito children before 1910, although those subjects had been offered to Santa Barbara children for more than a decade. "Miss Key," the director of the club, was planning in December, 1910, to organize a boys' club, and directors had engaged a teacher to instruct in sloyd.



Montecito Home Club S.B. News-Press photo

There were many philanthropically minded persons in Montecito in those days, and one of them, Mrs. James Hobart Moore, was the donor of funds for a new Home Club building, opened April 18, 1914. The firm of J. Corbley Pool designed a building which housed an assembly room, a "model dining room," a bowling alley and craft rooms, and living quarters upstairs for the director. Since one of the chief purposes of the new structure was to offer manual training and domestic science instruction for students from Cold Spring, Ortega and Montecito schools, there were ample facilities for those projects in the structure at the corner of San Ysidro and East Valley Roads.

The Home Club's activities were to be comparable to those of Recreation Center, then being constructed for Santa Barbara's young people. Among the speakers at the opening was Miss Ednah Rich, president of the State Normal School, then dedicated to training teachers of home economics and manual arts. The Reverend Father Serra, pastor of the Catholic Church of Montecito, spoke in Spanish, of the "good works of the donor of the building in behalf of the youth of Montecito."

The Home Club served Montecito residents for many years, finally becoming a Community Chest recipient, and its function being replaced by the Montecito YMCA.

This summary of Montecito events, and the two accounts of Montecito life and personages are published to encourage other residents to contribute similar Santa Barbara anecdotes.

S. H. R.

The Old Montecito Hall — Its Young Years

By Cameron Conkey

When my father, Maurice Conkey, a mining engineer, was forced to close his lead and zinc mine, *The Portland*, near Joplin, Missouri, due to the panic of 1907 and the depression which followed, he decided to bring his family to California. He was no stranger to the west or the Pacific Coast, as the New York mining syndicate he represented had sent him as far as Alaska to investigate various mining claims. One final trip, before making the move, convinced him that Santa Barbara was the only place to settle.

Percy Buell's general store and market, near the intersection of East Valley Road and San Ysidro Road, was up for sale, and Maurice Conkey decided to give it a try. A country general store and market in those days was no mean affair. It was run like a ranch. There was a full time meat cutter who butchered hogs and steers raised on the ranch. There were stables for the numerous horses. There were cows to be milked and pastured; cream to be churned for saleable butter; and pigeons and squabs, chickens, turkeys and guinea hens for sale, live or dressed.

A bunk house provided for the three young men who took care of the ranch, clerked and made deliveries. They were fed first, then the family and the young woman bookkeeper who lived and boarded with the Conkeys. Over all presided the Chinese cook.

I should like to share my memories of a time when I and the Montecito Hall were young:

One night in the summer of 1914 I was awakened by the soft strains of dance music filtering through the board and batten walls of our new bedroom. I say new bedroom, although we had moved to Montecito in the early spring. My brother and I had just acquired this room. It was semi-detached from the main house and had been occupied by the Chinese cook, Gin Sin. He became the first household casualty of the pre-war slump.

This was a great arrangement for two young boys. I was thirteen years old and my brother, Kenneth, two years younger. We had entered a wonderful new world, and the old Montecito Hall had not yet loomed large in it. The Hall looked old, although according to the *News-Press* it was a comparatively new structure, built in 1900, the year before I was born. Perhaps a total lack of maintenance, staining, planting and gardening accounted for the aged look as I first remember it. It was destined to play an important role in our lives for the next five years.

Cameron Conkey is a retired Civil Engineer who was graduated from Santa Barbara High School.

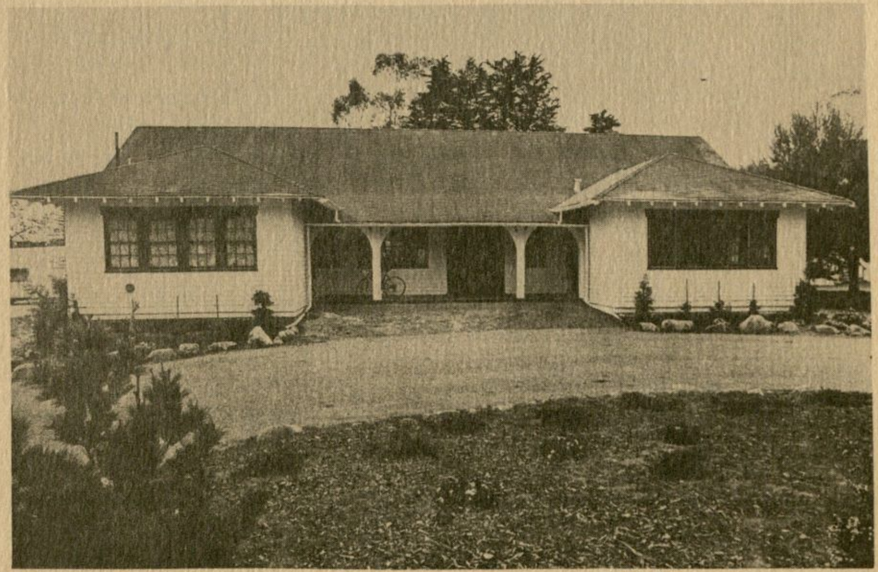
Our room was only twenty-five feet, perhaps less, from the Hall's east wall. Between it and our room was a beautiful pepper tree providing shade from the afternoon sun.

All this is gone now, house, bedroom, pepper tree. Nothing remains or is remotely recognizable. The site of our old home has been raised three or four feet and is used as a graveled parking lot.

How charming the area around the intersection of East Valley Road and San Ysidro Road was in those days. The north side of East Valley Road from San Ysidro Road, to the present Fire House was lined with beautiful old pepper trees. The village blacksmith shop stood at approximately the location of the present gas station under a huge live oak. The forge glowed in its dark interior and the creek flowed nearby in its natural bed of boulders going under a stone bridge into a complete jungle on the south side of East Valley Road. Live oaks were everywhere.

My father would let me take my saddle horse to be shod. The blacksmith would let me help. Believe me, I felt mighty important. Frank Lehner was a big, brawny man, still remembered and liked among the local retired smiths. My brother and I had our own saddle horses, pack horses, Mexican saddles, spurs, pack saddles and pack saddle bags, all kinds of camping equipment, and .22 rifles — everything doting parents could give us, we had.

The music that awakened me was from the monthly Saturday night dance largely attended by the help from the big estates and the non-social local girls and their dates. During intermission small groups would leave the hall, cross East Valley Road, and drink beer under



Montecito Hall S.B. News-Press photo

the cedar trees that ringed a vacant lot there. The trees are still standing, more stately and beautiful than ever, but the lot is completely covered by the General Telephone building. The beer drinkers — *Blue and Gold* was the most popular brand — would form small private circles and take the bottled beer from a white paper sack. The color of the sack became important to us. There were never more than two or three of these groups, and I don't think they ever consumed more than a six-pack per party.

My brother and I soon discovered that the empty beer bottles were money in the bank, due to their return value, which I am certain was never more than five cents each. So after every dance we were up bright and early to gather in the golden harvest. Unfortunately, the boys from Spanish Town about a mile west on East Valley Road were also aware of this windfall and as a consequence we had to get up earlier and earlier till finally we were out at 3 A.M. with our flashlights. We would spot the white paper sacks and the rest was easy. Occasionally we would find a half-consumed quart of whiskey. As we could neither drink the contents nor sell the bottle, we would turn it over to our mother. I have no idea what the final disposition was.

The junk man with his little wagon and skinny horse came at infrequent intervals, and as he was our only outlet, the bottles seemed to pile up at an amazing rate. We became concerned about their safety. They were stored under our bedroom where there was ample space with an access door on the south side. We solved our security problem by cutting loopholes in the redwood board and batten walls on both the east and west sides, and putting our loaded rifles above one of the two loopholes on each side. We now felt that we could repel any raiding party and the bottles were amply protected.

Years later when I visited the old, abandoned house, those loopholes were still there. We now turned to devising ways of cheating the junk man. This was a real battle of wits. No matter how ingenious we were, I am afraid the cards were stacked against us. More about this later.

Once a year there would be a fancy dress ball and the first prize for the most unique costume was won one year by a chef who decorated his white uniform with all kinds of vegetables cut into flowers and various geometric designs. To us this was something wonderful to behold. Incidentally, I can remember no drunkenness, disorder, or noise associated with these dances.

Between monthly dances there were the occasional movie shows put on by Brook Sawyer, a big, handsome young man of the highest social position. I must digress here to explain the social set-up in those days. There were the rich elite, mostly from Chicago and other centers of wealth in the East who came in the early part of the twentieth century, and the rest. The latter consisted of the servants and gardeners from the large estates, the small business men, property owners, and the Spanish-speaking community whose ancestors had long preceded this latest influx. There was no social mingling between the two parts. This

class system was rigid; that was the way it was, and the distinction was apparent at the movie shows.

A section in the rear of the Hall was always roped off for the Elite, while the rest of the audience sat down in front. These movie productions were high excitement and were started with a slide of Mr. Reno looking out from his electric carriage. This picture always brought down the house with whistles, cat calls, shouting, and stamping of feet. Mr. Reno was the popular young man who managed the little telephone exchange across East Valley Road from the present Fire House. Mr. Reno junked this electric auto, and my brother and I melted down the lead from the batteries, casting them into lead ingots liberally laced with concealed iron bolts and nuts. As we neared involvement in World War I, the price of non-ferrous scrap kept rising steadily, and we had a deep conviction that the junk man was not quoting us the latest price.

For the life of me I cannot remember the plot of any film. Brook Sawyer went into the army as a second lieutenant and the last I heard he was teaching hand grenade throwing.

When my wife and I returned to Santa Barbara to live after a forty-four year absence, we gave a party for some old friends. The late Superior Court Judge Percy Heckendorf and I were reminiscing about our youthful days, and we both remembered the beautiful bright blue suits Brook's father used to wear when we'd see him coming to and going from the Santa Barbara Club. To this day I envy him those suits.

The Montecito Hall proved a fertile field for two curious boys to explore. The two tennis courts in back were overgrown with weeds, although the posts for the nets and the high wire enclosure fence were still standing. At the southeast corner of the building on the ground floor under what served as a kitchen and dressing room just off the stage, we discovered a room with an outside entrance. It was empty and unfinished. Apparently it had never been used, although I now speculate that this room could have serviced a defunct tennis club.

At any rate, the empty room gave me the thought that it would make a wonderful Boy Scout headquarters. Scouting was "in" then. We went to our mother with the idea and she was receptive. Things began to happen. The room was cleaned and decorated. We had our first meeting. There were plenty of recruits. Uniforms arrived, Scout manual, badges, troop pennant, and a beautiful wool American flag which I still treasure and display every Fourth of July.

Lastly, and most exciting, a young man named Paul Sweetser drove out from Santa Barbara every week to be our Scoutmaster. This was the beginning of my friendship with Mr. Sweetser, which lasted over 60 years. It is hard to realize that he was only eight years older than I was. He lived a life of wonderful dedicated, public service. But back of all this was the fine hand of our mother. I marvel now how she found the time. Montecito Troop No. 1 was one of the first Scout Troops in the County.

The troop was a success from the beginning. Although I considered myself the founding Scout, I was never elected to any office of leader-

ship. Some other Scout always got more votes. Note the troop leader chevron on my brother in the picture. We declared war against Germany late in 1917, and the call went out from Washington to grow castor beans, as there was an acute shortage of castor oil for aeroplane engines. So our first project was to plant castor beans on the site of the abandoned tennis courts.

One morning, amidst great excitement, Mr. Patrick Michael Malloy arrived at the rear of the hall with two beautiful matched sorrel work horses and a plow. I marveled at the seemingly effortless way the polished steel plowshare cut through the heavy clay of the old tennis courts. I admired the beautiful team with their blond manes and tails, and sleek coats. Somehow the beans got planted.

Work horses were the accepted thing. There were no tractors or trucks, at least in Montecito. There were many fine carriages as well as plain horses and buggies in use. The gasoline age was just beginning to dawn like thunder and turn the world upside down. Montecito was starting the transition from ranch life to suburban living.

The castor beans were never harvested. Most of them didn't come up and there were no facilities to shell and market those that did. What a stupid idea the whole thing was. In Montecito and Santa Barbara children were "doing their bit" to win the war this way.

Besides having a plow, a fine team of horses, and a teamster business, Mr. Malloy had another asset, a lovely young daughter, Minnie. The Scouts' second project was to enter a Fourth of July float in the Santa Barbara parade. The town people expected big things from the Montecito Scouts, and they were not disappointed. The float concept was Miss Columbia standing on a raised dais holding the torch of Liberty aloft in her right hand while her left hand held a big shield covered with the great seal of the United States. The dais was banked with flowers and the Montecito Scouts formed an honor guard.

When the parade was ready to start and I saw Minnie standing there on the dais, I was speechless with her beauty. She was a real blond goddess. I had never seen a female with full theatrical makeup. My mother had picked Minnie for her beauty, heighth, and certain other physical assets. Although Mother had designed and made her robe, I thought it a bit on the daring side, but kept these thoughts to myself.

The months and years slipped by. The swallows came as usual and built their mud nests under the roof overhang on the south side, and mischievous neighborhood boys stoned them down. We engaged in the usual Scout activities and in addition made a house-to-house solicitation to buy Liberty Bonds.

Our explorations took us under the Hall stage. There in the gloom we found strange paraphernalia. We later learned that this was Masonic Lodge property used in their rituals. From our Scout headquarters we often heard their meetings going on. It was dark and scary under there, and by common consent we never explored it again. There seem to have been many changes made under the stage since that time so long ago. To what purpose I do not know.

One afternoon a week, Grandma Spring (Mrs. Mary A. Spring, a widow) would trudge down with a load of books from her home on East Valley Road and open the library which was in the northwest corner room, now occupied by the Montecito Protective and Improvement Association. Both my brother and I were great readers by then, but I never saw anything in her pitiful collection that we had the slightest desire to read. She must have had a following, as she never missed a week for years.

Although my brother and I didn't read her books, we always looked forward to seeing her. She was a sweet, kindly old lady, and we found her reminiscences and stories great entertainment. Her grandchildren, Haywood and Laura Philips, were about our own age, and lived with her in a dilapidated old house at the west end of the ridge that runs parallel to East Valley Road. This is the finest acreage in Montecito. She sold the property to the Alleys. W. H. Alley was alleged to have said to her, "I will pay what you ask for the property, but will deduct $1,000 for each live oak stump. That is how much you have destroyed its value by cutting them down. Take it or leave it." This has made a profound impression on me all the rest of my life.

The last year we were in Montecito word began to get around that there was to be one whale of a Christmas party. A dance, food and punch, and an operetta. Rehearsals began. The Hall was decorated. Christmas bells and streamers were hung from the graceful roof trusses. The maple floor was polished till it shone like a mirror. The dark, natural stained wood of the walls and ceiling gave the room an elegant, rich look.

Finally the night arrived, the lights were dimmed, the music started, and the curtain went up. Never again was I to see such a charming operetta staged in such a beautiful auditorium. I can remember one line, "Won't it be jolly, dancing with a Folly." Even the pretty girls came from Spanish Town to take parts and dance in the chorus.

After the operetta was over, the floor was quickly cleared and the dancing started. The long tables at the west end of the Hall were loaded with food, all prepared and donated by Montecito women. The punch bowls were kept full. Here was a real community party — one that I shall never forget.

Now the old Hall stands neglected and largely unused. The lovely wood trusses, the beautiful maple floor and the dark, stained walls have no young boys to admire them and learn of beauty and of the good companionship their parents helped them share. It was always a happy, joyous place, the ghosts of the past will testify to that.

Earnest Lawrence Thayer at the Bat

By Patrick Mahony

I first met the author of "Casey at the Bat" when I was selling Ford motor cars for Eylar Millard Fillmore (great-grandson of the U.S. President) at the Santa Barbara agency on East Victoria Street. I was handling the Montecito customers, and one day, when I was in charge of the exhibition showroom, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer came in to buy a car.

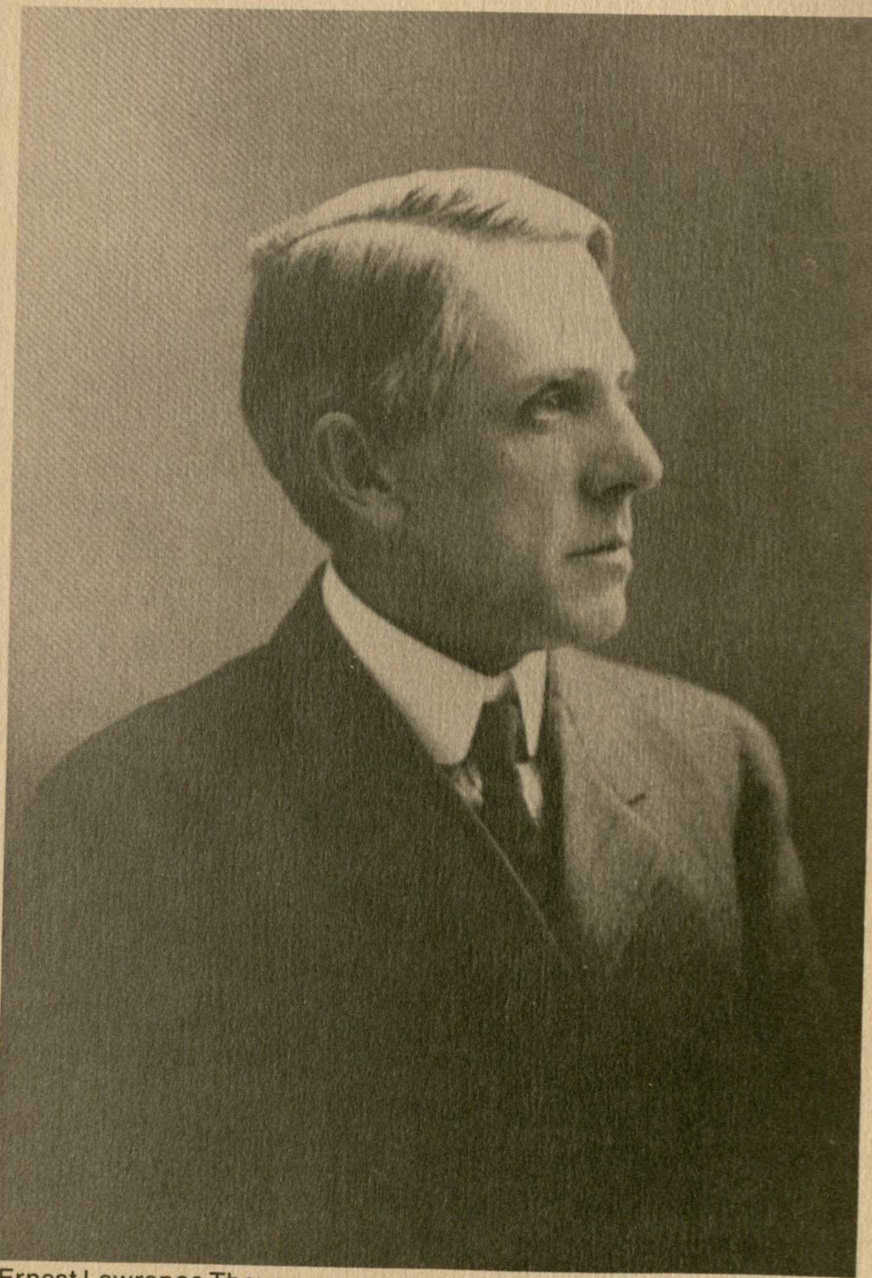
I knew Mrs. Thayer slightly through my mother, Mrs. Francis Bliss. Mr. and Mrs. Thayer often came into the garage to have their old car serviced, but Mrs. Thayer always did the driving, as her husband was plagued with deafness at that time and wore a hearing aid. She always did the talking and her husband usually stood shyly by. I must say that Mrs. Thayer was one of the loveliest of Montecito matrons, who owned much dignity and charm. She was the type of woman who brings to one's mind the difference between being pretty and being beautiful. She was indeed striking in the latter sense.

While selling the Thayers a car, I was able to observe Mr. Thayer more closely. The year was 1930 and he was then sixty-seven. In some respects, for me, he gave the impression of being older. His hair was white, but his eyes were young, kindly and alive. His face reflected New England, also London and Paris, which he knew well. There seemed to be humor in his entire coutenance. When he talked, he was more whimsical than factual or argumentative, a distinct contrast to his charming wife, who was precise and definitive in her wishes. Both behaved with a courtesy which, even in those "modern" days, might have been described as "old world."

I was then nineteen years old, and I recall I was smoking a cigar, doubtless to make myself look older. At once Mr. Thayer made a gesture, adding: "If you want to sell my wife a car, put out that cigar!" This was character-revealing in that Mr. Thayer seemed to be indifferent to everyone except his wife. I could see then that he was the type of man who lives entirely in a world of his own. For the first time I took a good look at him, alerted by this challenging order. The nose was long and mobile, the mouth wide and set, the chin like a wedge of rock. As will be seen in the photo, his expression is eager and faintly amused.

Actually, there was not much selling to be done, as Mrs. Thayer was a woman who obviously knew what she wanted, and the deal was closed in short order. Afterwards I took the signed contract to Mr. Fillmore, a civic-minded Santa Barbaran, and very popular, and he smilingly said, "That Mr. Thayer is the author of one of the most famous American

Patrick Mahony is a former resident of Santa Barbara, the son of Mrs. Francis Bliss, who died in 1968. He is the author of ten published books. He now lives in Hollywood.



Ernest Lawrence Thayer

Patrick Mahony

poems, 'Casey at the Bat'." And to my amazement he proceeded to recite it word for word:

"The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville
nine that day;
The score stood four to two, with but one
inning more to play . . . ."

(Then Fillmore recited each player's failure until it was Casey's turn to bat. Stepping to the plate "easily and pridefully," accepting the crowd's cheers smilingly and confidently, and watching the ball with "haughty grandeur," he unfortunately struck out, according to the rhythmic narrative, and that night there was "no joy in Mudville." — Editor)

Since I had come from England only a few years previously, where baseball was despised, I had never heard the verses before, and I soon forgot the incident. Mr. and Mrs. Thayer were often in and out of the Fillmore Ford Agency and we usually exchanged a few words. On one occasion I mentioned the poem, and I saw a flash of youth illuminate his face as he quickly changed the subject.

Then I took to writing for a living and I learned more about the poem and the man who created it. Ernest Thayer was born in 1863 in Lawrence, Massachusetts, the son of a woolen mills owner. He made a name for himself at Harvard as a writer for the college journals, and he also wrote one of the famous "Hasty Pudding" plays. At Harvard he studied philosophy under the noted William James (brother of Henry James). As an avocation he became a fan of baseball and made friends with the noteworthy Samuel E. Winslow, then captain of the senior team which never lost a game!

One of his classmates was William Randolph Hearst, later to become world-famous as a newspaper magnate. Deciding to take up journalism rather than enter the family woolen mills, Ernest did some traveling abroad and eventually joined the *Examiner* which Hearst was publishing in San Francisco.

It was at this time that he dashed off the poem that was to become household knowledge in the United States. Since then "Casey at the Bat" has been printed in hundreds of different editions (last in 1977 by Dover Publications, N.Y.).

It was turned into the operatic measure by William Schuman, the American composer, and produced in May, 1953, under the title, *The Mighty Casey*. Moreover, the poem was used as the basis of two silent films by Hollywood, starring Wallace Beery and William Haines, respectively. Earlier, De Wolf Hopper sprang to fame in 1888 by reciting the poem before a vaudeville audience, a performance which proved so popular that he states in his biography that he must have recited it more than 10,000 times over the years! All this helped to make "Casey" one of America's favorite comic ballads.

Throughout all this national attention very few of its readers or listeners could ever remember the name of the author, and I am willing to bet that exceedingly few of the residents of Santa Barbara are aware

that this timeless poem was written by a man who died in Montecito in 1940. And, as a matter of fact, Lawrence Thayer was so indifferent to his baseball saga that he could not have cared less.

He wanted to become a serious writer, for which he never managed to measure up. In fact, he might be cited as a classic example of a writer who sought fame in a medium above his talents, only to find it in an unexpected quarter. Even though most people who are acquainted with the poem (and who does not know the title?), Thayer had secured a niche in the Hall of Fame by what he himself regarded as a triviality. Modest about it to the point of being pathetic, he was so possessed of a determination to reach the tragic heights of literature and go his own way in trying to do so, that he continued to write seriously, if unpublished, almost to the end of his life. "I dedicate all my unpublished work to myself with infinite satisfaction!" he once said to his wife.

Instead of revelling in the poem's enormous success, as any poetaster would have done, he preferred to forget about it, and always refused to be interviewed. "All I ask is that I not be reminded of this part of my life," he said to one reporter in 1909. "Why not let me talk about what I am writing now?"

He spent some time travelling in Europe, ostensibly for his health, and then his astonished friends learned that their favorite bachelor friend had been married, aged 48, to the beautiful widow from St. Louis, Mrs. Rosamond Buell Hammett. For a year the couple remained in Worcester, Massachusetts, finally coming to live in Santa Barbara in 1912, where they remained, each for the rest of life left to them.

Let me close with the words on Ernest Thayer by one of his colleagues at Harvard, George Santayana, who was born the same year, and who was the Spanish philosopher whose career Mrs. Thayer told me her husband envied because he strived for one as eminent:

"Earnest Thayer seemed to be a man apart, and his humor was curious and whimsical, as if he saw the broken edges of things that are really whole. There was an obscurity in his play with words, and a strong feeling in his verse that the absurd things of life are truly pathetic."

I might add to this and say that I always felt Ernest Thayer to be a man of warm human sympathies in spite of his personal aloofness, and even if the anti-hero in his famous poem was a conceited, arrogant fool, an over-confident ball player who loses the game at Mudville, thus letting down his admirers. For me the poem sums up Thayer's attitude to life, that it is a dream that does not come true, and also displays his reactions to wealth and fame.

Editor's Note: As this sketch of Ernest Thayer was being edited for publication, another story, "Will the Real Casey Please Stand Up?" appeared in the *National Retired Teachers' Association Journal*, September-October, 1978. In addition to commenting on the writing and acceptance of the verse, the author, Richard Pritchett, discussed the "hero" of it — Casey, which is summarized here:

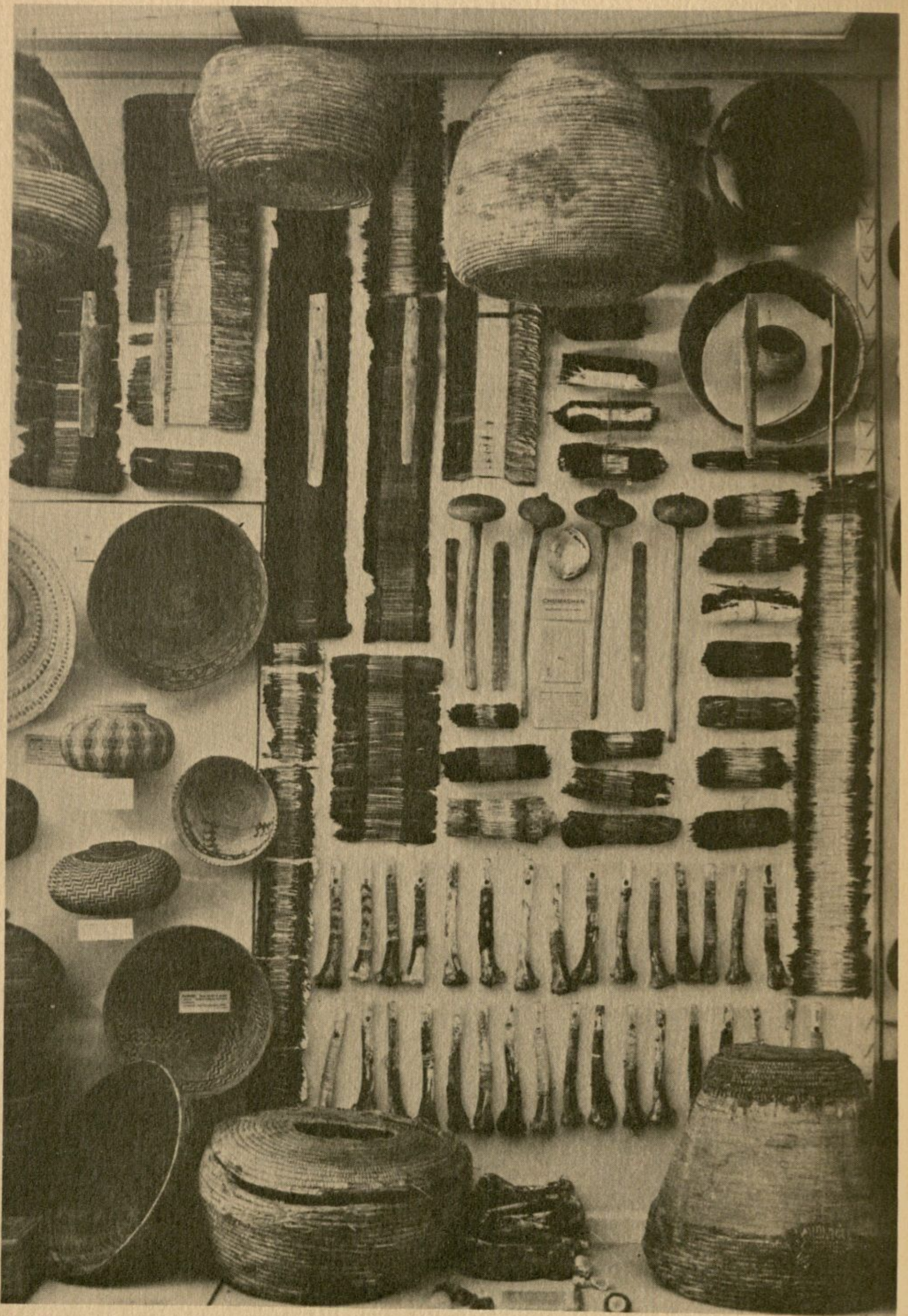
For several years, Daniel M. Casey, a southpaw pitcher for the Philadelphia Nationals in the late 1880s, was cited as the baseball player

who pitched against Tim Keefe, New York, and did strike out in a similar situation. Later he earned a good living traveling from place to place in the winter reciting the poem. Many baseball fans accepted that player as THE CASEY.

There was another Casey, however, whom E. L. Thayer was remembering, Daniel Henry Casey, a hefty classmate at Worcester Classical High School. Thayer made him the subject of humor in the high school newspaper, and thus instituted a feud between the giant and the rather frail smaller youth, Thayer, but no blows ever were struck.

According to Richard Pritchett, Thayer discussed the subject of his poem in 1930 in the "Secretary's Report of the 50th Anniversary Book of the Harvard Class of 1885." Thayer stated that the Casey he wrote about was not a baseball player, but a colossal former classmate at Worcester High School, whose name had come to mind when the baseball poem was materializing. Because Thayer once had "gagged" (subjected to humor) this Casey in a high school publication, the giant youth had stated his annoyance at Thayer's humor in the journal, and subsequently Thayer taunted him by electing Casey the "hero" of the losing team, hoping that the real Casey (who eventually became a gentle schoolteacher) never appeared in person to revive the feud.

Although a note in Mrs. Ogram's handwriting on the reverse of the photograph of Indian Artifacts in the Fall *Noticias* states that they were from Painted Cave, Dr. Travis Hudson of the Museum of Natural History says that they were from Bowers' Cave, Los Angeles County. They are at the Peabody Institute, Harvard University.



Artifacts from Painted Cave sent to the Smithsonian in 1880s

Margaret B. Bolduan

Painted Cave Resort

By Margaret B. Bolduan

When we long-time Santa Barbarans reminisce, our childhood becomes most vivid. I cherish the years we lived at Painted Cave. We came for a visit to escape a bleak and cold winter on the plains of Alberta, Canada, in 1914 — and we stayed!

Painted Cave Resort had become well known for its health-restoring climate, constant sunny days, pure spring water and excellent meals. Its reputation had been growing from the 1890s when Johnson Ogram carried his invalided wife by wagon and stretcher up the winding, narrow wagon trail to a makeshift tent-home, above the dust and fog of Goleta Valley. Viola Ogram's health was soon restored.

Several small cottages were built and a large dining room was added to the main house. The two Ogram children, Ruth and John, grew like little Indians. Fruit and olive trees were planted, and a vegetable garden thrived the year round. The family lived off their land, raising chickens and rabbits. A cow provided the needed milk, butter, cream, etc. The "upper forty" (now subdivided and known as Painted Cave Village) was sown to grain for the livestock — the cow, a couple of mules for plowing and hauling, a horse or two and the donkey the children rode to the old Cathedral Oaks School at the foot of San Marcos Pass. The flow of guests and visitors became steady.

In 1907 one of my uncles from England, Frank V. Waddy, discovered this "paradise" and became a frequent visitor. In time he was joined by two more uncles, his brothers Ernest and Albert Waddy, also from England. In 1908 when Johnson Ogram died very suddenly, these three young men became almost part of the family.

It was Uncle Frank who persuaded my mother, Adeline Waddy Bailey, to spend a winter at Painted Cave Resort. We arrived December 24th, 1914. It was a sunny day. We had travelled by ship from Vancouver, B.C., to San Pedro, and then by train to Santa Barbara. There we were met by the Painted Cave springboard wagon and team of two mules, one white and the other brown. Their names were Punch and Judy. My brother, Kenneth, and I were still toddlers. Mother had us "in harness" with a single rein.

We boarded the wagon and ascended the long, steep road to the mountain top. It took about six hours, but we remember little of it. We do remember, however, "Grandmother" Ogram greeting us on the lovely green lawn with a beautiful juicy orange for each of us. Mother unleashed us from our double harness and we have loved to roam these mountains ever since. We did return to Canada, but it wasn't long before we returned to stay.

Kenneth and I were soon taught how to feed and care for the chickens and rabbits and all the other animals. We would take "Bossy" to the



The Ogram house and cottages Margaret B. Bolduan

pasture in the morning and bring her back at night. We were busily happy youngsters, but all children grew up this way, didn't they?

The flow of guests and visitors opened our world. Writers, artists and musicians became part of our family. Everyone loved the remoteness, and yet enjoyed sharing in our way of living. There were long evenings of conversation, wonderful hikes along the Maria Ygnacio Creek — more rock scrambling than hiking, really — gathering vegetables for the evening meal, picking apples and apricots, curing olives in season.

We would hike to neighboring ranches, like going up to Homer Snyder's for his famous apple cider, or to the Kelly Bee Ranch for honey. John Ogram would come along with either the mules and wagon or the big Reo truck to bring home the five-gallon cans filled with the honey. The honey was kept behind the wood range where it was warm, so it wouldn't crystallize. This wood range was our source of hot water for baths. One spoke for his turn, when the range was on and the water heater filled, as there was only one bath tub. That never seemed to be a problem, yet it seems it surely could have been! Often there were baby chicks, and even baby kittens behind this range.

The major achievement was, however, the scrumptious meals produced with such apparent ease by "Grandmother" Ogram: Baking powder biscuits with home-churned butter and honey, chicken and dumplings on Sunday, strawberry shortcake heaped with whipped cream — Mmmmmm — everything was SO good! Visitors came in droves for those Sunday dinners. "Grandmother" Ogram would blow a

horn to summon us to dinner. We could hear this call as far away as the cave. It echoed in the canyons. Should I hear that sound today, I'm sure I would respond with a gustative memory and my mouth would water!

Kenneth and I were the guides to take the visitors to see the cave. A padlocked iron grill gate had been bolted and cemented to the opening of the cave in 1908 or 1909 to protect the paintings from further vandalism. Clutching the key to the gate importantly in our hands, we would conduct visitors the quarter-mile trek up the road to see the cave. We took turns doing this, as it could be a chore. Sometimes we would make eight or nine trips a day. Visitors claimed it was one-half mile up the road and maybe one-fourth mile return! I've never clocked it — I wonder if my brother ever did?

The Painted Cave has a mysterious beginning, but a lovely history for those of us who lived there. Many theories about the paintings have evolved over the years. The fantasies will ever be a challenge to the scholars and students of Indian cultures. We would listen to the wind so often and think about those who lived there before us, leaving the paintings as the only trace of their being.

My brother remembers more about the road maintenance than I. It was a constant project, but shared with other homsteaders and neighbors on the two miles of privately owned road between Painted Cave and the San Marcos Pass. It was hard work. The first car I remember, I believe, was a Metz, in 1915. This is verified by an unbelievable incident. Last summer Kenneth and I were invited by the Ronald Eldridges and the William Woods who have built homes on property adjacent to the Painted Cave Line, for a nostalgic visit. We gathered up our old albums and had a wonderful time.



"Grandmother" Ogram calling guests to dinner   Margaret B. Bolduan



Margaret and Kenneth Bailey out for a hike Margaret B. Bolduan

Toward the end of the day William brought out an old enameled license plate he had found in the rubble from the frightful and destructive forest fire which obliterated the Painted Cave Resort in 1940. It was a 1915 plate and the number was the same as the one on the car in our photo! Unbelievable coincidence! A time span was joined together again. That may have been the same little car we would have to turn around and drive in reverse up the steeper hills on the way home!

I vividly remember a great truck which was too long to get around the hairpin curves. It had to be backed midway in order to make it. You can guess who disembarked during that procedure. Rainy weather was pretty awful, too. We had names for certain grades on the road. There was "God Help Us" about a mile above the bridge on the old San Marcos Road. There may have been other names our young ears never heard. Backing in order to pass was quite ordinary and usual for many years. The descending car was the one to back!

World War I left the management of the Resort in the hands of "Grandmother" Ogram. The men were all called overseas, including young John Ogram who had joined the Navy shortly after his father's death in 1908, and was away when we first arrived. After the war he returned and began building more cottages. These were two and three-room, with or without bath and furnished for housekeeping at $2.50 to $4 per day and $10 to $18 per week! The Resort had been established for twenty-five years, and there were now nine cottages available. By this time Mother had purchased a home for us in Santa Barbara and Kenneth and I were enrolled in the Riviera School.

Mother had been "drafted" for home-nursing during the 1918 flu epidemic. Later she became secretary for Edgar Stow's La Patera Lemon Ranch for over 30 years. However, we visited Painted Cave frequently and Mother and John Ogram became acquainted and were married in 1922. At about this time John began bottling the Spring water for distribution in Santa Barbara homes. (This Spring remains just as bountiful, and its crystal-clear water is still being distributed throughout the south coast. We have remained customers.)

As the 1929 economic crash spread into a national depression, it became necessary to transform the old pasture, which was no longer needed, into small lots for selling. By 1934 the "upper forty" had become the subdivision now known as Painted Cave Village. Five years later, in 1939, John died of cancer, and the following year the major buildings of the Resort were swept away by the great forest fire. "Grandmother" Ogram did return to live on her ravaged mountain top with her many treasured memories, having outlived her husband and children, but known belovedly as "Mother" Ogram to all her friends and neighbors, and a very special "Grandma" to us. She lived to be 94.

Letters in our family archives from my uncles describe in picturesque detail several incidents of the Resort's early days. I would like to share one related by Frank Waddy and two by Albert Waddy:



Two little babes in the mountains (Margaret and Kenneth)
Margaret B. Bolduan

Feb. 1, 1918

A few weeks ago, Addie and I had a 28-mile walk over some of the trails, accompanied by another sister and brother: starting from the Painted Cave, inland for seven miles to Los Prietos Ranger Station, down the Santa Ynez River to Paradise Camp and Kelly's Bee Ranch, and home in the moonlight by the old San Marcos Pass. The air on the top of the Pass is so clear (altitude about 4000 feet) that the planet Venus casts a shadow, its soft and gentle light outlining our contours as we walked along, until the moon came up and the planet had set. I had seen this same phenomenon in the Gulf of Mexico. . . .

* * *

Dec. 23, 1969

And now for the PCR. . . . It was Ern who thought of the audacious scheme. . . . One of the daily chores was felling trees and chopping them up for firewood to meet the rapacious demands of the kitchen stove! It occurred to Ern that if the trees had to be felled it would be a good idea to cut them to form letters that would advertise the Painted Cave Resort.

. . . . He chose the most suitable site, made a sketch of the letters and started on the vertical stroke of the letter P. . . . I believe that each "line" of the letters was 10 feet wide and over 200 feet high.

I arrived at the Resort in January, 1912, and helped a little on the work, on which Ern and Frank had been employed for six months. We used to tie the felled trees in bundles and haul them down to the house by mule power.

After each day's work Ern would survey the letters from a vantage point below the house and make a sketch indicating any alterations that had to be made to preserve the symmetry of the letters. . . .

I think that it was in March there was a light snowfall one night, and at breakfast time Mother Ogram in great excitement called us out to look at the letters, which stood out in dazzling white against the dark background of the mountain. The phone soon started ringing with enquiries from Santa Barbara, and you have no doubt read of the wild claim by some religious fanatics that it was a message from God, and that the letters meant "Prepare for Christ's Return."

* * *

You may remember that in the living room there were a piano and an organ, which Ern and Frank used to play together. On Sunday mornings we generally had an impromptu concert, often composed of the more sprightly hymn tunes — which we rather jazzed up! The old German hired help. . . . frequently came up to the house and said, "Let's have some of them quick

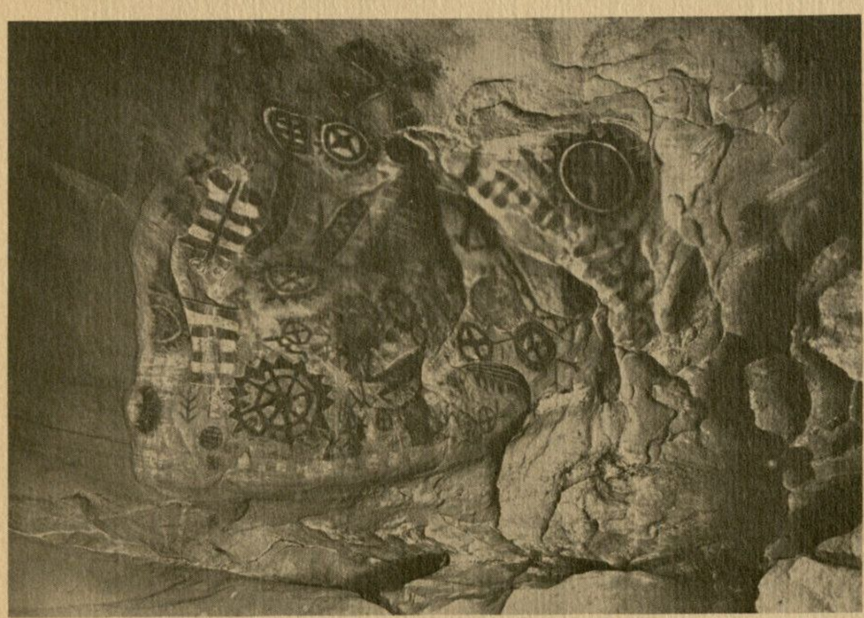
hymns."

I remember one occasion when we were rendering our version of a hymn entitled "Infant Praises:" "Hark, Hark, Hark, while infant voices sing, loud hosannas, loud hosannas, loud hosannas to our king." You may know the lively tune, which lent itself admirably to our interpretation. With both instruments going full blast and all of us yelling as loud as we could, I suddenly heard the clatter of horses' hooves and found that a party of three men and three girls had arrived.

We hastened out to welcome them and apologize for the fearful racket we had been making. To our surprise, one of the girls replied, "Oh, we've been enjoying it ever since we left the San Marcos trail, and were surprised to hear such music in the mountains." The wind must have been in that direction for our voices to have carried two miles!

While Mother Ogram prepared an enormous lunch, we continued with our song fest, (with the girls joining in) ranging from hymn tunes to popular songs and grand opera. . . .

This nostaligic stroll through an era we would love to live again is shared by many Santa Barbarans. Our childhood wasn't unique, but where we spent it was. Yet when my brother and I visited the new inhabitants of our mountain top, we felt their protective love and regard for our cherished childhood landmarks and returned to our city homes knowing our way of life prevails.



Painted Cave interior — Margaret B. Bolduan

Laurel Springs Memories

By Anna Lincoln Ellis

Homer C. Snyder's guest home ranch was called Laurel Springs and was above the Painted Cave area. It holds some very cherished memories of my early childhood during visits made from 1907 to 1917.

My parents, Henry and Annie (Stanwood) Lincoln, had gone camping in the Montecito-Carpinteria area and other spots, but they felt that it would be better to take us children to higher and drier altitudes for a change from Santa Barbara's fogs. So they chose Mr. Snyder's ranch, Laurel Springs.

Mr. Snyder sometimes would pick up guests, but in 1907 Mother's brother, Sam Stanwood, who had his own livery stable at that time, brought his big tally-ho (with rear seats removed for the luggage) and packed us in, bag and baggage. We took, besides my older brother, Warren, and sister, Margaret, our cousins, Frances and Marian Lincoln, who were more nearly my age, for a one-month stay.

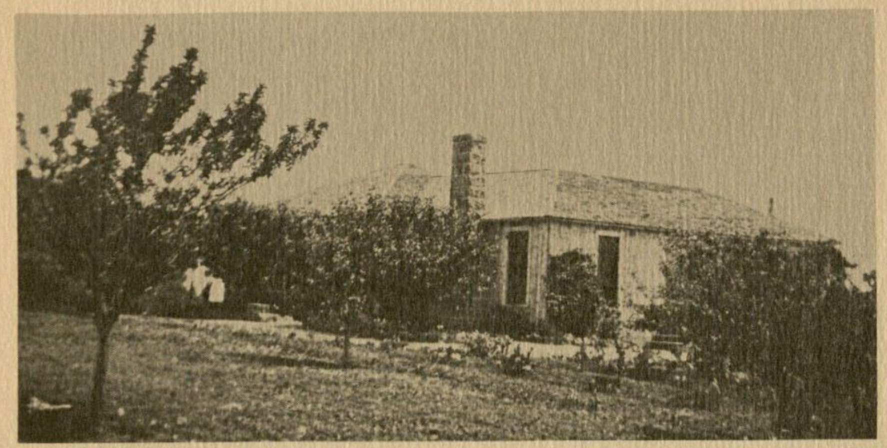
With a four-horse team we set out on a half-day trip up the mountain. We rode out De la Vina Street to Mission Street, over to Modoc Road, out to the old San Marcos Road, stopping to rest the horses at Marble's ranch, just beyond the Tucker's Grove area, before the long, steep climb ahead of us. It was a tedious ride up the old road, turning onto the Painted Cave Road, where it is today. The roadbed was dusty and bumpy, making hairpin turns steeply, under huge, overhanging boulders. I remember we stopped to let me out as I felt "seasick" from the jostling of the wagon. Sometimes we walked when the wagon tipped, so we got some exercise.

Mr. Snyder met us at the gate and we rode past the barns to the "cottage" where we were to stay, about one block from the main ranch house. The cottage was set among lovely tall trees where Dad had hung a hammock. The canyon winds sang in the pines as we went to bed on the cots, on the big sleeping porch.

There was a big living room with a fireplace. The "bathroom" had a commode with pitcher, bowl and slop jar, etc., plus a zinc-lined bathtub!

It was a short walk past the apple and cherry orchards to the main house. The living room was roomy, with a stone fireplace and cozy bear rugs to lie on in front of the evening fire while we listened to many tall tales. A big doorway opened into the dining room which could seat about twenty. On its walls hung a plaque with a big stuffed fish and a large painting of a clipper ship. Kerosene lamps were used on the tables. Off the living room was a hall which led between six small bedrooms for guests, at the end of which was a glassed-in sun porch looking east.

As the back of the house was on a slope towards a steep bluff which looked down on San Marcos Road, rooms had been built under that end of the house. Some were used for storage of food and garden tools, others



Laurel Springs orchard and house — Anna L. Ellis

for hired help. With no refrigeration, Mr. Snyder hung his meat in a screened box on a tree near the kitchen where the hot, dry air cured the meat, making it tender and delicious. This "cooler" also protected it from flies, animals and ants.

The Inn was a popular stopping place, and there was big excitement when a carriage would drive up, unloading guests who would step out on the stone mounting block, with assistance, near the front porch. We children liked to sit on the porch where we could be ready to listen to Homer when he came by. We were fascinated by his tales and intrigued as he spat tobacco juice from his quid in the corner of his mouth, as he talked.

Having been a chef at the old Arlington (plus an insane asylum), he had a reputation as a good cook, and we ate his meals with relish. His pancakes were superb, and he had us convinced that he could flip them up the chimney and run out of the kitchen and catch them in the pan, coming down!

One day he came rushing out the front door with his rifle in his hand, cursing his cow, who had gotten in his corn field at the end of the orchard. We were horrified, as we thought he was going to kill her, when the shots rang out — but he was only trying to scare her away.

We liked to walk to the edge of the bluff where we could watch the horses and wagons coming and going on the Pass. The air was so dry that we could hear the travelers' voices, even though they looked so tiny below us. We would shout to them, and they would look up, trying to find where the voices came from, so we would wave a handkerchief.

It was fun to walk back and forth from the cottage to the main house, passing the big rock which we loved to climb and sit on, watching the little lizards dart about sunning themselves. When we took the hike to Laurel Springs, about half a mile to the north, we took walking sticks Dad had cut from the manzanita. He told us that there was a thousand-dollar reward if anyone could find a three-foot stick which was not



Homer Snyder at the mounting block — Anna L. Ellis

crooked, so of course we were always looking. The shrubby manzanita with its sharp-angled branches would do well in an Arthur Rackham painting. The red bark curling back from the blonde trunk fascinated us, as well as the little red "apples" with their bulldog faces, which we loved to pick.

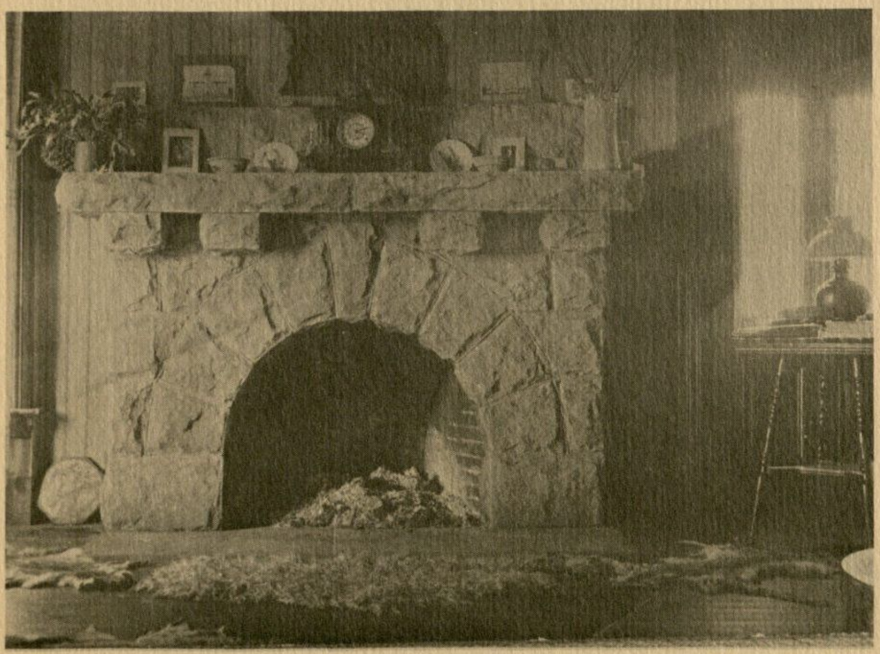
There was much for four-year-olds to do. At the barn we played in the haystack and watched the horses, cows, pigs, turkeys, chickens and dogs being fed. Even pushing a wheelbarrow was fun. We would follow Mr. Snyder on his chores, and he showed us where he gathered the hens' eggs from the hay-covered roosts in the dark recesses of the barn. On a flat area near the bluff the men played quoits, and there were wicks and mallets for croquet for the ladies, and which we children could manage.

On the day Mr. Snyder was to go to town for the groceries, he would leave very early, harnessing May and June to the wagon. Once Frances, Marian and I decided to go down the road to meet him coming home. He picked us up and we rode in with him. My parents were not too happy over this, as they did not know that we had gone off, and also knowing that he usually imbibed from a jug of rum on his way back. By the time he had unloaded us at the cottage and his supplies at the main house, the "fireworks" started. Was he late? Were there real or imagined delinquencies on the part of his wife? Something had keyed them off, and we could hear their voices raised all the way to the cottage, as well as the breaking of china that was thrown. (Our parents told us not to listen!)

Mrs. Snyder was a small, thin woman, a former school teacher, who didn't care much about the cleanup chores around the house and kitchen. She probably irritated him with her high, nasal, whiney voice. (By the time the dinner bell rang, all had quieted down.) She did enjoy working in her garden and had many lovely flowers and a lippia lawn. She grew vegetables and luscious strawberries.

Nearest to her heart were her blue ribbon Collie dogs she had bred. Dash, the male, was black and brown with a white ruff around his neck. Babe, the female, was golden and white, as was her darling ball of a puppy, Flossie. I begged to have her, but $75 was too much in those days, and having a big dog in the city was not favored by my parents.

Mrs. Snyder kept pretty much to herself, but one day she promised us children a "Tea" party with strawberries and cookies if we would pick the weeds out of the lippia lawn which was full of pretty purple blossoms. It was quite a spacious area in the sunken garden east of the house. So we all enthusiastically got on our knees and went to work. It was fine going until I put my left palm on a bee which quickly stung me. Well, the uproar I made stopped the proceedings, and, I guess, the "Tea" party as well. It was only after the adults put their heads together that Mrs. Snyder, rather reluctantly, then brought it out, even though we had not finished our job.



The fireplace at Laurel Springs — Anna L. Ellis

One day, on our own, we children, including Margaret, who was five years older, decided to slide down the shale trail of an enbankment below the house. The trail took us under a canopy of chaparral. I was behind the others when I saw some beautiful maidenhair ferns in a niche in the embankment. For some reason I parted the ferns, and as I looked in I called to Margaret, "Come and see the corral snake coiled here."

She rushed and grabbed me. "That is a rattler coiled there."

Fortunately, it was sleeping. We all rushed back to the cottage to tell our tale — but not to return.

Marian remembers that one morning when she got up and put her foot in her slipper she felt a spider and kicked the shoe clear into the bathroom.

One day we hiked to Laurel Springs, about one-half mile north of the resort. I was walking ahead, with Babe trotting along beside me. I heard a commotion behind me and looked back. Dad and Warren were killing a rattlesnake lying across the trail which the dog and I had just walked over. How that could happen is a mystery. The springs were lovely, in a glen with the big bay trees shading the spot, the water running over the rocks cool and clear. We all were refreshed with a drink of it.

One year when we stayed at the main house, an English couple, Mr. and Mrs. Culley and their son, Henry, about three years old, came up for a vacation. One morning all of us were sitting on the sun porch looking at books, when Henry came to his mother with an open book and said, "Look at the dead 'beast' I found."

We all had to see. There was a dry, squashed spider. Henry later became one of our outstanding tennis players in Santa Barbara.



The Lincoln children loll in a haystack Anna L. Ellis



A stroll on a mountain road	Anna L. Ellis

That same vacation our bedroom was across the hall from an elderly Mr. Barrie. We were awakened in the night to hear him groaning, and much commotion of people going in and out of his room. He had eaten a very large amount of the Snyders' fresh red cherries, then drunk a big glass of milk, and then gone to bed, despite the warnings of other guests. We were sure he was dying, but by morning he seemed well, if a little pale.

There were ants in and out of their ant hills, and spiders to watch, flies and mosquitos to swat and ticks which had to be removed from under the dogs' heavy coats. One day after a hike through the brush, at the dinner table I felt a little lump behind my ear. In a loud stage whisper I said, "Mother, I think I have a tick behind my ear."

Horrified, Mother took me out hurriedly, reminding me that such things were not to be mentioned at the table! With a dab of kerosene my tick was removed.

The hike we did not take was west to the Kinevan ranch where we had heard that Mr. Kinevan was likely to protect his property and privacy with a gun. In later years we hiked up to George Owen Knapp's lodge, which was higher up the mountain behind Snyder's.

Going home down the steep pass was as scarey as coming up, with the horses being held back with the reins and the brake, a jolty, dusty ride.

After Mr. Snyder died in 1925, Mrs. Snyder built a memorial to him on top of Mt. Homer, a steep hill behind the orchard. A circular cement



The Henry Lincoln family at Laurel Springs — Anna L. Ellis

bench was built, over which rose two steel arches which crossed at the top. A cherub looked down from a central pedestal, perhaps in commemoration of the infant son the Snyders had lost at birth. The inscription read, "To the Glory of Homer and God." This memorial has now been removed. There is a beautiful view of the area from the mount.

Mrs. Snyder sold the ranch in the late 1920s to George Owen Knapp and came to Santa Barbara to live and to continue raising Collies. I remember one puppy in particular which was all white. Two sisters, Olive and Lou Matthews from Canada, bought it and it grew into a handsome dog. I would (enviously) see it with them as they walked along the streets. Mrs. Snyder died in 1938.

Although Mr. Knapp held the ranch for a few more years, he did little to keep it up. However, the Cottage Hospital nurses used the Lodge as a vacation spot.

After Mr. Knapp died, the Adolph Postels purchased the ranch from his estate in 1941. They found the apple orchard had pretty much died out. They renovated and refurbished the Lodge, changing the three little bedrooms at the front into a garage. The other small bedrooms and a sun room were incorporated into their own bedrooms looking east to the sunken garden, in which they placed a swimming pool. They spent many happy years there with their children and grandchildren visiting them. They sold it in 1972, and more recently it has been sold again.

Recollections of "Snyder's"

By Margaret Lincoln Richardson

In the summer it was an exciting experience to leave the foggy lowlands along the coast and climb the San Marcos Pass into the mountains to Snyder's Laurel Springs Lodge.

Homer Snyder's Concord wagon stored groceries and our baggage in the rear, and there were three rows of seats, one for the driver and two for the guests. The ride took about three hours out De la Vina Street and Hollister Avenue, up the mountain, with rest stops for the horses as we climbed. We left after lunch and reached the Lodge in plenty of time for dinner.

Our family usually stayed for two weeks, but on one occasion, for a month, with our father driving out to the base of the Pass, where he left his car at Marble's Ranch, and hiked up the mountain to spend the week ends with us. Early Monday morning he would hike down to his car and drive to work at the First National Bank.

At that time the road was too steep, narrow and curving for cars. Later widening, about 1917, made it possible to drive up, and Mr. Snyder bought a Ford car, which he drove as if no one else was on the road. I remember going down the mountain as he zipped around the curves, not bothering to blow his horn. A wild experience!

On arriving, entering the gate, we first passed the barns for horses, cows and carriages; then past the cottage and around a curve by the orchard to the main Lodge. Between the cottage and the Lodge was the big rock where we played and the lizards sunned. By the Lodge the ground sloped down to the lippia lawn and flower garden with lawn furniture.

Cherry trees were next to the road by the cottage. A pen for turkeys was under the pine trees near the cottage, and Mrs. Snyder cared for the baby turkeys. In a climbing rose bush by the rear door, two hummingbirds had their tiny moss nest, and we were able to watch the hatching of the wee eggs. There were two little birds. Later, the weaker one was pushed from the nest, and the larger soon learned to fly.

In the morning we often went out to Inspiration Point. The cliff was a sheer drop-off, and the sea of fog below looked like soft cotton. In the evening we saw harmless gopher snakes in the grass as we sat on the bench to watch the beautiful sunsets west of Goleta. We always carried forked staffs on hikes for protection in case we met rattlers. The dogs always went with us.

We also hiked down the main road to a shady place by Lewis Creek, where we played in the sand and rocks, finding horned toads, polliwogs and tiny fish. Nearby was Painted Cave where Indians had painted characters on the rock wall long ago. When vandals carved initials on the rock, a steel gate was put across the entrance. Farther down the road was Painted Cave Resort.



The Collies pose with Anna and Margaret — Anna L. Ellis

Mr. Snyder was the chef. Previously his wife had developed tuberculosis, so he joined the Forest Service and moved to the mountains for her health. He built a cottage. Later, as his orchard grew, he developed the Lodge (main house) as a resort. Only carriages could get up the narrow mountain road, and about twice a month he went to town for groceries and to pick up guests through the summer.

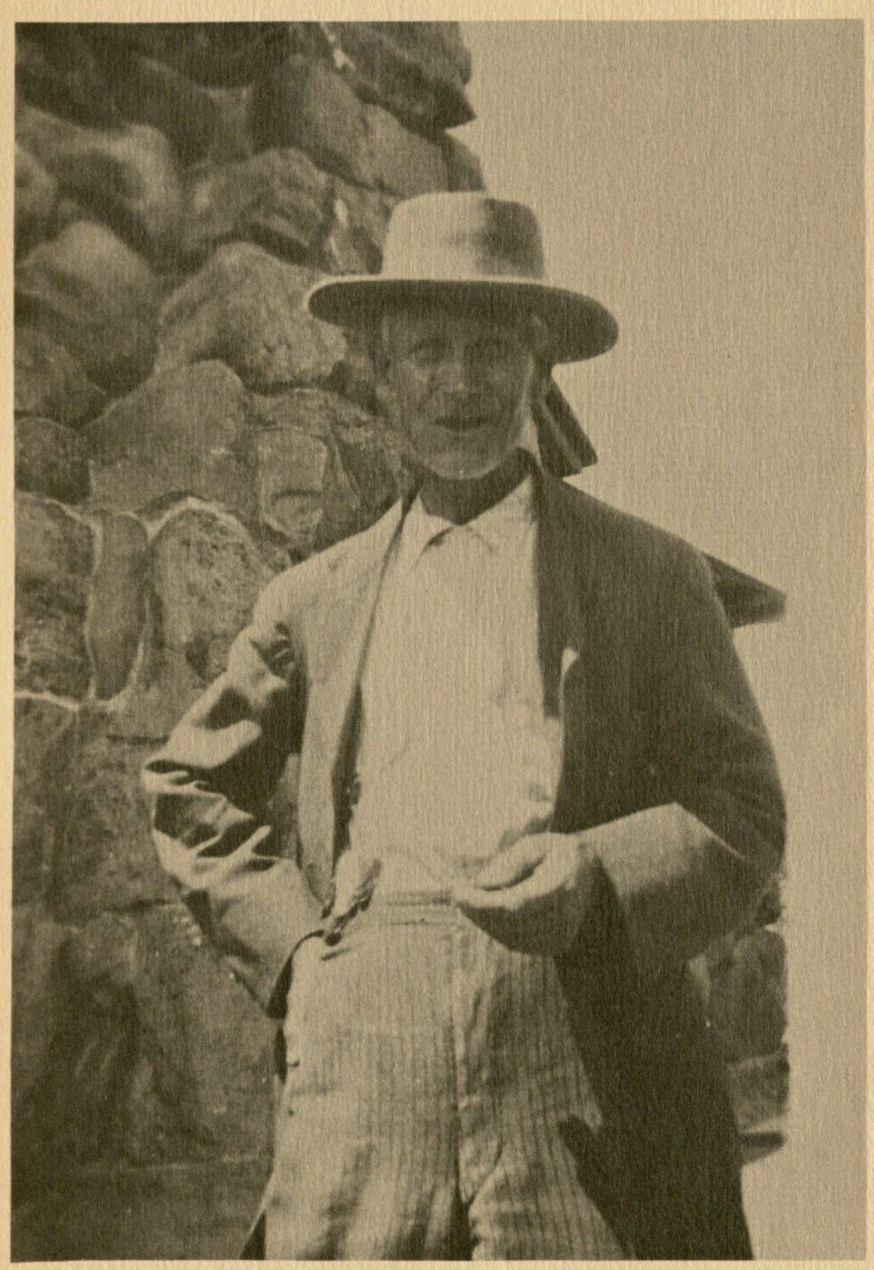
Later, he harvested his apples, and oats for his horses and cow. The imperfect apples went for cider, which was sold in the fall. The cider press was a novelty to us, and the room was filled with the scent of apple mash. When we bought his fresh cider, we opened the bottle to let it ferment until it fizzed like champagne.

Mrs. Snyder, a tiny woman with a squeaky voice, sold Collie puppies. In the winter she took her adult dogs, Dash and Babe, to dog shows, where they won many blue ribbons. Dash was black and white, and Babe was tan. Flossie was a pup they kept.

Two mares, May and June, mother and daughter, were handsome bay Morgans, and strong, gentle work horses, who were kept in the barn. Other horses were stabled there when guests rode in. I remember only one cow, two pigs and piglets in a stone corral. Chickens (Rhode Island Reds) and turkeys roosted in the trees.

Mr. Snyder was a fine cook, and expected everyone to be on time for meals, when the bell rang and the dining room door opened! The day's left-overs of meat and vegetables, bread and soup went to feed the dogs, who got their exercise chasing buzzards' shadows through the orchard, hiking with guests, and following Mr. Snyder on his chores.

During the summer season Mr. Snyder had a hired man and wife for helping in the kitchen and harvesting hay, corn and apples. Mrs. Snyder took pride in her garden of flowers, strawberries and small bunches of beautiful red currants beside the main lodge.



Homer Snyder Anna L. Ellis



The rear of the Snyder house — Anna L. Ellis

In the evening there might be a fire in the big stone fireplace, and sometimes Mr. Snyder could be persuaded to tell stories. Often they were exciting. One tale was about the days when he was a young chef in an insane asylum and the patients were kitchen helpers. As he was busy at the stove before dinner one night, he happened to glance in the wall mirror and saw a helper with a butcher knife creeping up behind him. Without turning, he grabbed a ladle of boiling soup and threw it back over his shoulder into the face of the man behind him, who dropped the knife and cried out with pain as the soup burned him.

Mr. Snyder had one of the first phonographs with a horn, cylinder records, including "Whistler and His Dogs," and songs of Harry Lauder, etc. Besides the phonograph music, there were cards and other games, as well as story telling by the guests.

The central table held the kerosene lamp with a hand-painted glass globe which I inadvertently knocked over and broke. This upset Mrs. Snyder, who prized it as a wedding gift. My parents found it difficult to replace!

On Sunday mornings Dad took us up the hill by the cottage, where we sat under the oaks and had a short prayer meeting, with the reading of scripture. Then he lead us on his harmonica in singing our favorite hymns.

For city children Snyder's was a fine learning experience of farm life. How to saddle a horse, feeding piglets and turkeys, milking a cow, alertness for rattlesnakes, bird watching, identifying wildflowers gathered on hikes. It was there that we first saw a "walking stick" insect, looking like a long, dry twig with slim legs. We loved the friendly Collies who went everywhere with us. We took books to read during the hot summer afternoons after naps, swinging in the hammock.



Anna Lincoln sunning on a big rock — Anna L. Ellis

The Old San Marcos Pass Road

By Marshall Bond

In 1915 my father bought a Model T Ford truck for approximately $500 from Edward W. Alexander, the first Ford dealer in Santa Barbara. Mr. Alexander made a million dollars out of his agency on East Victoria Street and bought a ranch on the south side of the Santa Ynez River at the junction of Arroyo Burro Creek, now known as Rancho Oso. Occasionally we rented horses from the Vandever stable at 422 East Micheltorena Street and packed over the mountains to the Alexander Ranch. After the purchase of our new Ford, however, we began using San Marcos Pass more frequently.

My parents occupied the front seat, while my brother, Dick, and I, with my Airdale, Jerry, sat behind on a tarp covering our camping gear. The dog, although loved by all of us, was a source of annoyance to my father because he would stand with his muzzle right next to my father's ear, continuously barking and whining with excitement. Whenever Jerry saw a ground squirrel, he would jump from the car, roll over half a dozen times yelping with pain and then vainly pursue the squirrel. He would repeat this ludicrous performance each time another squirrel appeared. The car went so slowly that he was never seriously hurt.

The old stage road was rough, rocky, steep, unpaved and full of tortuous curves. The worst were on the section south of the Trout Club (developed about 1928). These curves were close together and had to be negotiated one at a time. Three of us would get out and push while my father advanced the accelerator to the limit. Our combined efforts were just sufficient to get the wheezing and coughing Ford over each hump. Before tackling the next curve my father would gingerly uncap the radiator, releasing a geyser of steam. When the engine had cooled, the radiator was refilled and we would be ready for the next ascent. Tires were wretched in those days, easily punctured by sharp rocks, and had to be pried off for repair. They were a tribulation to my father, who once had to fix four flats in a single hour. We thought salvation had arrived when the Savage Tires came out with a 5,000-mile guarantee.

At the summit of the pass we would stop at the Kinevan Ranch for final cooling of the motor. Pat Kinevan was a cantankerous Irish veteran of the Civil War who settled there and for years amused Santa Barbarans by conducting a feud with another rambunctious Irish veteran, Mike Finneran.

Pat Kinevan died in 1911, but I have an indelible memory of a sign which he had erected in his apple orchard, no doubt to discourage Mike Finneran. It was the most anti-social sign I ever saw, and read:

KEEP OUT

NO TRESPASSING

SPRING GUNS

MAN TRAPS

POISON

We often stopped at Cold Springs Tavern for cider and then camped on the San Marcos Ranch, the owner, F. W. Matthiessen, being a friend. Homesteader Mr. Libeau lived there in a shack. The entire back country in those days was a glorious wilderness not as yet seriously affected by the pressure of population.



Lincoln children at a mountain pool Anna L. Ellis

The Diary of Julius Wickes

Editor's Introduction

Santa Barbara Life in Wicke's 1873 Diary

An inquiry to the Santa Barbara Historical Society by Mrs. Marian B. Greer of Washington, D.C., regarding the history of the St. Charles Hotel, resulted in receipt of a diary written by her great uncle, Julius Wickes. His arrival in Santa Barbara, along with W. Robinson of San Francisco and other visitors is recorded in the Santa Barbara Index, December 28, 1872.

Julius Wickes was born in West Virginia in 1843, and served as a lieutenant in the Civil War. He came to Santa Barbara for his health from Clarksburg, West Virginia, stopping first at a boarding house or hotel here. The first part of his diary presents interesting facts regarding the St. Charles Hotel and Santa Barbara life.

Late in January, 1873, Louis Raffour moved from proprietorship of the St. Charles Hotel to manage his new Occidental Hotel. While Mrs. Greer had the impression that Wickes purchased the inn, this could not be verified, for no deed is filed in the Hall of Records involving the hotel property that year. Wickes says that "we (W. Robinson and he, probably) closed the bargain with Raffour," January 18, and the writer cleaned the hotel. Several times in February he mentions hotel duties, and being given a picture for the barroom. Wickes and Robinson probably arranged for the proprietorship.

A "Mrs. Howlett" had come to Santa Barbara by boat on January 10, according to Wickes' diary. There is no indication how arrangements were made for her to assist at the hotel, but he must have been expecting her. Several references reveal that in January she was at the St. Charles. After March 1, Weekly Press advertisements signed "G. F. Howlett, Manager," say, "The proprietors' aim is to anticipate the wants of guests."

After September 25, 1873, when Wickes probably was in northern California, Weekly Press advertisements stated that William Robinson, who had "won his way to public favor," was the landlord. That notice disappeared after May 8, 1874. On December 3, 1874, an advertisement stated that the St. Charles was being "refitted, improved and furnished by Don Jose Lobero," so Wickes was not connected with the inn very long, apparently.

The young man left Santa Barbara in April or early May, 1873, to join a Death Valley oblique boundary line survey party under A.W. Von Schmidt, with which he worked all summer. He does not explain why or how he left Santa Barbara, but probably went by stage, either northeast over Sonora Pass to Bridgeport, or via Bishop to his destination, a tedious journey. Having completed the survey near the present town of Needles, the party came overland via the Cucamonga ranch to Los Angeles, then boarded a boat for San Francisco.

On August 29, when Wickes was aboard the boat bound for San Francisco, he did not bother to come ashore here, nor did he mention any interest in Santa Barbara business when he was in San Francisco or near Sacramento that fall. His diary ends with reference to work in northern California, where at least one half-brother, Aleck, was living then.

Mrs. Greer does not know whether he returned to Santa Barbara, after a stay near Sacramento in the fall of 1873, or when he went back to West Virginia, where he lived for three years before his death in 1883.

According to her, he was engaged to the Nan Sehon mentioned in the diary. His references to some of his half-brothers, Aleck, Cyrus and Lucius, and his brother, Marcel (Mrs. Greer's grandfather), indicate a family-loving, homesick man 29 years of age. Mrs. Greer cherishes two small tables supposedly from the St. Charles Hotel, which she thinks Wickes took back with him to West Virginia.

The Oblique Boundary Survey, 1873

The greater part of Julius Wickes' diary records his experiences as a member of a survey party under A. W. Von Schmidt, establishing the oblique boundary between California and Nevada, which starts in the southern waters of Lake Tahoe and ends in the Colorado River near old Fort Mohave. The line from Lake Tahoe to the point where Nevada, Arizona and California meet near Needles, California, is about 400 statute miles in length.

Boundaries of California were defined by Article 12 of the California State Constitution, and confirmed when California was admitted into the Union, September 9, 1850. W. A. Chalfant, in *The Story of Inyo,* says that in May, 1855, Colonel John C. Hays, then Surveyor of Public Lands, made a contract with A. W. Von Schmidt, a prominent engineer and surveyor, to survey the public land east of the Sierras and south of Mono Lake, down to a point south of Owens Lake. George A. Reimer's Master's Thesis on Von Schmidt's professional life, filed at the University of California, Berkeley, also tells of Von Schmidt's work on the Mt. Diablo Base line extension and his study of portions of Yosemite and the valley east of the Sierras to "several miles from the state line." Thus Von Schmidt, the leader, was prepared for the types of difficulties and topography to be encountered on the boundary survey in the White Mountains.

Other surveyors had worked at times in Death Valley territory. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey report, 1900, refers to the work of Lieutenant Joseph G. Ives, a topographical engineer who probably led survey expeditions in 1858 and 1861. George P. Putnam says that on an 1861 trip camels used in the desert were better travelers than mules used later, although they puzzled the Indians, and sometimes frightened horses and mules. The Civil War, 1861-65, interrupted extensive surveying activities for several years.

Map viewers usually regard boundary lines as "eternal," but disputes have arisen several times over the oblique line between California and Nevada. Discussion of this problem persisted for quite a while in Aurora, Nevada, where residents sometimes voted for candidates for both the Nevada and California legislatures. In 1863 the dispute was settled by a survey giving the mining district to Nevada, according to Thompson and West's *History of Nevada.*

W. A. Chalfant, in *The Story of Inyo,* says that Nevadans originally claimed jurisdiction of the land to the summit of the Sierras, and as late as 1864 asked that the territory be transferred to Nevada. Slight adjustments have been made in the past to correct errors in calculation. The line's end in the Colorado has been difficult to establish because of river bed shifts.

Population increases and ecology problems in the Lake Tahoe area recently have renewed discussion of jurisdiction around the lake. When the office of the Nevada Attorney General heard that the Santa Barbara Historical Society possessed a diary discussing the oblique line survey, it sent an investigator to read the document for clues to ownership of lakeside land.

A. W. Von Schmidt had surveyed a portion of the boundary line from Lake Tahoe southeastward in the spring before Wickes joined the party in May, 1873, near Bodie, California. Von Schmidt had "established a point at Crystal Peak, near Verdi, Nevada, by telegraph as the 120th degree of longitude west from Greenwich. . . From that longitude, the 120th meridian was carried to the north shore of Lake Tahoe. . . ." He "put up a flag at the point of landing across the lake. . . ." and the oblique line survey southeastward was begun, according to the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Although there is no available enumeration of all the equipment which the survey party had with them, another account of a survey of 1893 indicates the necessities in such uninhabited country: Mules, wagons, harness, bedding, tents and culinary provisions. Then there was an "instrumental outfit for longitude, latitude, azimuth and triangulation." The U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey states that "in his field notes Von Schmidt mentions a meridian telescope, a zenith sector, a field transit, a sextant and a barometer. His distances were obtained by chaining, when practicable, and by triangulation when the ground was very rough."

An 1873 member of the Tahoe surveying party, writing for the San Francisco Chronicle in January, 1891, says, "'Lines,' somehow do not run in passes, nor follow trails, either of man or beast, therefore, a surveyor goes where no one else has call to go. It usually happens that the very pick of the worst possible travel falls to our share. If there is a peak higher, more rugged and generally inaccessible, there we go. Is it a swamp, at widest, deepest part? That is our line. . . ."

The survey was over the White Mountains whose peaks towered 14,000 feet, and not far from a point 280 feet below sea level in Death Valley. The vegetation varied as much as the geological formation,

from pinon and juniper trees and sagebrush in the mountains, to grape vines, willows, mesquite, greasewood, cacti and coarse grasses; over granite rocks, lava formations and sand on high mountain peaks and precipitous ledges, to deep canyons, ravines, washes and borax flats in the barren desert.

There was occasional danger from hostile Indians, and in the desert, ever-present heat and dehydration and a chance of becoming lost, so that guides were hired along the way.

Some of the locations Wickes mentions are not listed in California place guides; others are coincidental to the text. More important ones have been explained, and placed on a map of the boundary line. Spelling has been according to modern geographical dictionaries. Several places were named for settlers or mines in the region.

The editor is indebted to Robert Ingle Hoyt, AIA, for his comprehensive map clarifying the survey route.



Obstacles similar to the survey party's Death Valley trip.

The Diary of Julius Wickes
1873

JAN. 1, WED. SANTA BARBARA — A lovely warm day, more like a "May Day" in the states, than otherwise. Spent the time in rambling about, rather lonely.

JAN. 2, THURS. — Another fine day which I passed as best I could in strolling about. Walked on the beach in the afternoon, picked up some sea moss, which I pressed in a book. Commenced to rain after dark.

JAN. 3, FRI. — Clear weather this morning. Surprise party at the Shaw House[1] at night. Good music and pretty ladies. I did not dance.

JAN. 4, SAT. — This morning had a long talk with a spiritual doctor. He attempted to tell my character by shape of my head. Told some truth. Spent the rest of the day roaming about. Called at Mr. Streeter's[2] in the evening.

JAN. 5, SUN. — A beautiful morning. Wrote a letter to Mary S. After dinner went down on the beach and passed the afternoon in strolling about. Went to Methodist Church[3] at night. Good singing. Wrote a letter to Mother after church.

JAN. 6, MON. — Was at the printing office this morning. Sent some papers home. After noon down on beach; saw them pull in a disabled ship[4] to shore to abandon her. Went to church at night, saw Miss L. G.[5]

JAN. 7, TUES. — Very warm. Did not feel well in forenoon. Kept quiet. After noon strolled around as usual. Looked for the arrival of the mail with impatience and got — nothing. At night went to see Nellie and Guadalupe Ruis. Learned a few Spanish words and had a pleasant time. Music on guitar and dancing.

JAN. 8, WED. — Spent this day as usual in enjoying myself as best I could. Wrote a letter to Lee Core. Went to church at night. After church, played Euchre, some ladies, Robinson and myself, at the St. Charles Hotel.

JAN. 9, THURS. — A beautiful day. Looked for letters sure today, but none came. Hope my friends have not forgotten me. Wrote a letter to Lucius and sent a paper to L. B. Went to church at night; saw Miss L. G. there.

JAN. 10, FRI. — Same old thing today. Warm, nice weather. No letters. Sent a paper to N. Steamer came in after dark, walked down to the wharf.[6] Mrs. Howlett came.[7] Got letters from L.E., Marcel, N. Was awful glad news from home good.

JAN. 11, SAT. — Introduced to Mrs. Howlett, an agreeable lady. Lounged about and felt lazy today. Commenced a letter to Nan in the afternoon. Wrote a sheet full and laid it by. Wrote one to Marcel.

JAN. 12, SUN. — Mrs. Howlett, Robinson, and myself took in the morning on the beach. Went up on a hill that overlooked the sea and

town. Came back, took a bath, finished letters and mailed them. After supper consulted with parties on business.

JAN. 13, MON. — Took an inventory of the furniture of St. Charles Hotel and moved our room to the same. Talked to the widow an hour in afternoon. Played Euchre in evening, after which got a pitcher of Lager Beer and all had a social glass.

JAN. 14, TUES. — This day I did not do much. Not very well. Got a letter for Father. All well at home.

JAN. 15, WED. — Mr. Robinson and Mrs. Howlett went down to San Buenaventura and I was alone today. Walked around, talked with the widow some. At night went to Mr. Streeter's. Had good time. The boys told yarns. Dave Core sang and played on guitar. Went to my room in St. Charles, alone.

JAN. 16, THURS. — Warm day. Got a letter from Dr. Ramsay. Was very glad to hear from him. Gave me lots of news from home. Also got a letter from Harry Barnes which I answered today. Robinson came back in evening.

JAN. 17, FRI. — Wrote a letter to Dr. Ramsay today. Got a letter from Mr. Fouse of Clarksburg. Rather dull day.

JAN. 18, SAT. — This morning did not do much. Got a paper from Marcel. We closed the bargain with Raffour and in afternoon worked at cleaning up the St. Charles Hotel. After supper played casino with Mrs. Howlett and Robinson.

JAN. 19, SUN. — Beautiful morning. I am now on the wharf overlooking the beach. The breakers are very high and dash up nearly to me. In room nearly all day. Cleaned up some. Did not feel well, touch of pleurisy. Wrote to E. and sent her a paper with pepper (?) seed. Sent paper with flower seed to N.

JAN. 20, MON. — Very sick. Put croton liniment on my side last night and 'tis awful sore. In bed nearly all day.

JAN. 21, TUES. — No better today. Side very sore. In my room nearly all day. Doctor gave me pills. Took them at night. Mrs. Howlett fixed them for me — she is very kind. Am thankful that I have friends to take care of me.

JAN 22, WED. — Feel some better this morning. Walked to the post office. Got a letter from Cyrus and Lonie, a paper from Nan and Mollie S. (Sehon) each. Feel very weak and sore, but improving I think. Hope so, want to work.

JAN. 23, THURS. — Little better this morning. Was in the office nearly all day. At night an alarm of fire was given, great excitement for awhile. False alarm. Took more medicine at night. Looked for letters today, got none.

JAN. 24, FRI. — Felt better this morning, but still did not go about much. Considerable cooler today. No letters. Disappointed.

JAN. 25, SAT. — In morning not feeling very well. Afternoon better. Bought some pictures, views of Yosemite to send to Marcel. The wind raised and blew a perfect gale of sand after dark. Went to bed feeling better.

JAN. 26, SUN. — Fine morning again. Feeling much better. Wrote a letter to Marcel. Took a ride on horseback. Down to the beach in the evening.

JAN. 27, MON. — In the office most of the day. Went to an auction in the forenoon. Overheard quite a compliment on myself. Got a letter from L-E. Glad, too. Wrote an answer after supper and then sought my virtuous couch.

JAN. 28, TUES. — Eat first breakfast at St. Charles Hotel. Quite homelike. Mailed my letter and pictures to Marcel. At home all evening.

JAN. 29, WED. — Rather dull today. Expected letters from home — none. Disappointed. Sent some Santa Barbara papers containing cigars to Marcel. Heavy arguments in the barroom at night.

JAN. 30, THURS. — Rained today. Nice shower laid the dust. Man killed in town last night. "Greaser" stabbed in drinking quarrel. Stayed at home all day. Pretty dull. Hoped to get some news from "America" for a change.

JAN. 31, FRI. — Coolest morning that I have experienced in this town. Not cold, though. Commenced to rain and blow. A paper from Marcel today. Night set in stormy, high wind; rained all night.

FEB. 1, SAT. — Very wet. Rained hard in morning. I went down to the beach. Sea running very high. "Southeaster." The breakers were grand and awful sight. A schooner in the bay came near being swamped. Two men was clinging to her. Washed off all the surf boats.

FEB. 2, SUN. — Hailstorm with snow on hills. First dinner at hotel. Wrote letter to Julia S.

FEB. 3, MON. — Hotel duties only. Read Scott's works, "Lord of the Isles." Never read it before, liked it very much.

FEB. 4, TUES. — Read Scott during idle hours and passed the day without anything worth mentioning.

FEB. 6, THURS. — Bought pictures of Yosemite, etc., to send home. Dealer presented me with pictures of Goldsmith Maid and Lucy for barroom. Hang them up for the present.

FEB. 7, FRI. — Letter from Nan.

FEB. 8, SAT. — Went to a show at night with Mrs. Howlett. 'Twas a panoramic view of the late war in France, and the Yosemite Valley. A poor affair. Left before 'twas out.

FEB. 10, MON. — Letter from home today. The terrible news of the death of our dear noble mare and the miraculous escape of my brother from death. Poor little horse, she was worthy of a better fate. Got a letter from L. E. Also one from Mary Sehon.

FEB. 14, FRI. — Beautiful day, warm and pleasant. One of our boarders brought in with his leg broken. An Odd Fellow. I went to the kitchen and got him some supper, the cooks having gone home.

FEB. 20, THURS. — Went "buggy riding" with Spanish girl. Went up the valley, returning visited the Old Mission. Had a pleasant ride and plenty of fun. Can talk lots of Spanish.

FEB. 21, FRI. — I have neglected to write up this diary, but I get too lazy and I had rather talk and my spare time I go out.

FEB. 22, SAT. — In evening went to Señor Lobero's Theater.[8] Fine building and pretty scenery. Italian opera. Two American songs were sung, "Murmuring Sea" and "Mollie Darling." Splendid, and the singers were pretty.

FEB. 23, SUN. — End of Santa Barbara. Disliked to leave you.

MARCH 2 — Santa Barbara. Went to church at night, heard a good sermon, but was very sleepy. On the beach today. Several crafts in harbor quite early.

MARCH 4, TUES. — Letter from Marcel and Father today. Good news from home.

MARCH 20, THURS. — Santa Barbara. Had a picture taken today. Very warm. Received letters from L. E. T., Julia S., Will Barnes.

MAY 6, TUES. — Santa Barbara. Went buggy riding with Nellie and Guadalupe.

APRIL 1 — Santa Barbara. This was written by my Spanish friend, Manuela — in English — Nellie.

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MAY 30, FRI. — Started on foot for Sunshine Valley.[9] Passed several quartz mills. Got to the camp about 10. Hungry. The party soon came in. Introduced to Mr. S.[10] Cut some wild grass. Helped to put up the tents and spent my first night in camp. Slept well.

MAY 31, SAT. — Woke up, a bright, cool morning. After breakfast, rode to town[11] in camp wagon. Bought some clothes. In afternoon we set a post and built a mound on state line by road side. We are camped in a pretty valley called "Sunshine" by a nice spring. Between here and town there is the nicest rocky canyon I ever saw.

JUNE 1, SUN. — Pleasant. Wrote a letter to L. E. T. Afternoon went down the canyon after a mule. Thompson lassoed him. Caught grasshoppers and caught some trout in Bodie Creek. Signed papers and oath making me one of the party.

JUNE 2, MON. — Got up at the sound of the bugle and strapped up our blankets for a move. Passed over Mt. Brawley[12] and in sight of Lake Mono.[13] Came out on road and no wagons. Walked eight miles looking for camp. Did not get in till after dark. Camped at a Brewery. Made the beer fly. I was awful tired first day out.

JUNE 3, TUES. — Started from Brewery with four pack mules with blankets, cooking utensils, etc. Chained two miles and camped in a level plain above Mono Lake. I write this in the shade of a piece of canvas stretched from a shovel handle to a sage brush. Have to lay out tonight.

JUNE 4, WED. — Duck Egg Camp. Boys gathered 18 doz. duck eggs last night from the slough. Ate every one. Had a feast this morning. Run five miles today. Hard, hot day's work. Met the wagons on the road. Water in casks. Score dry sand and sage brush. Slept on blankets in the sand.

JUNE 5, THURS. — Had a rough day's march on the mountains.

Passed over rough rocks that had holes or caves in them. A coyotee ran out and close by me, threw my ax at him. Camped at night on a high mountain. Snow covered Mts. All around. Mono Lake in sight.

JUNE 5 — Our camp tonight under a large Juniper tree. Beautiful view of White Mountains and the Sierras covered with snow. Saw pretty rocks today, but dry, dry sand and sage brush; 8,000 feet above the sea. Looked through the glass at all the mountains around and at the old craters around Mono Lake. The White Mountains[14] look like immense piles of lime. Are about 20 miles off, but look to be about three or four, so clear is the air.

JUNE 6, FRI. — Went six miles and such a country. No water. Sent the mules after water last night, also tonight. Bring it in kegs. Will get to the spring tomorrow, I hope, and also to White Mts. Sage brush and scrub pine. Tired and eat like a pig.

JUNE 6 — Had some pretty views today. Sierras covered with snow and cloud capped. Passed over some rocky chasms and climbed up and down. This country is worth nothing without its minerals. Have not seen a house for days.

JUNE 7, SAT. — Run seven miles today. Same kind of country. Towards night saw the smoke of the wagons and soon after saw a green valley ahead. The boys were in fine spirits at the prospect of a camp at the water where we could wash our faces. Had not washed in five days.

JUNE 7 — Got down into camp and went in the water like ducks. Sent two mules to wagons to bring up supplies. Little narrow valley between the hills with a little stream running through. Will stay here over Sunday. I would like to be home tomorrow to see somebody.

JUNE 8, SUN. — Our camp today in a little narrow valley with small stream running through it. Nice camp. Rested all day with nothing to do. Got lonesome. Wonder if anyone at home is thinking of me now. 'Twill be long before I hear from West Va.

JUNE 8 — Our camp by the edge of a slough which is full of ducks and waterfowl. Guns all with wagons. Cheering! News this morning of several men being killed by Indians on our route. Want to start early tomorrow. Have water with us in keg. Dry, dry. Feet and hands pretty sore.

JUNE 9, MON. — Moved to the Observation Camp in morning. Three of us took a pack mule and went and got a block for the large astronomical instrument. Set it up for observations on a high ridge where we are encamped. Will stay here two or three days.

JUNE 9 — Lay about camp all day. An Indian came down from the hills to water his horses. Stayed in our camp all day. Gave us information about country beyond White Mountains. Said plenty of water and grass there, also watermelons, corn, etc. Hope it is so. We will stay near here several days.

JUNE 10, TUES. — Went with pack mule for kegs of water in morning. Afternoon we built a monument of stone for the astronomical station. Last night looked through the instruments at the moon and stars. Pretty. Very windy in afternoon, cool.

JUNE 10 — Our observation camp is on a beautiful site as regards scenery. The lofty White Mts. are just before us seemingly but a half mile, but really three or four. The snowcapped Sierras to our right and hills and valleys covered with sage all around. The sunset tonight was lovely.

JUNE 11, WED. — Still taking observations from the stars. We had nothing to do today. I mended my clothes, sewed on some buttons, and made me a "haversack" to carry my "grub" in. Very windy on this elevation. We talk of starting on the line tomorrow. I hope so. I am anxious to see the country below from the top of the White Mts.

JUNE 12, THURS. — Started on the line. Went four miles to the road near the base of the White Mts. It is six and a half miles to the summit. We go over the high peak. Walked four miles to McBrides, a large spring in a beautiful valley, but a desert. This spring is a kind of stopping place for teams, etc.

JUNE 13, FRI. — Stayed in camp all day. Sent to Benton[15] for more pack mules. Washed my underclothes and a few shirts, etc. Wrote a letter home. Mended my boots and clothes. Took a bath after dark. Like to froze. Got into my clothes quick, but slept better for it. The Col. bought four new mules today.

JUNE 14, SAT. — Started for the White Mts. Walked six miles up to a quartz mill and stopped for lunch. Crossed over the mts. and camped in a nice little valley. The Col. is trying to shoot a calf for supper. We have had a hard march today. Came around and have not been on the line today. Will go up on the peak tomorrow.

JUNE 14 — Saw some Indians today. One little boy had his hair cut close, all but a tuft in front and a few hairs in the crown. The little devil looked frightful. Killed a calf tonight, hung him up. Will have a feast tomorrow. Will have a hard day's work.

JUNE 15, SUN. — On the top of White Mt. 1400[16] feet above the sea. A snow bank at my right. I just picked up snow. This is the grandest view I ever saw. Can see hundreds of miles over this strange country. The air is very light.

JUNE 15 — On the peak of White Mt. several hours. This mountain is just a large pile of granite rocks. It is pretty cold up here, but I have no coat on. I wonder what the folks are doing in W. Va., and what kind of weather they have there. It doesn't seem to me like Sunday. I would like to see a girl now. Staid on the top of the mountain until 4 o'clock. Started for the direction of camp. Traveled over mountains until 11 o'clock at night and found the camp. 'Twas awful and we came over fearful places. Soon as I got my supper I was all right. Everything went wrong today________ .

JUNE 16, MON. — Found our camp this morning to be in a very nice little valley, and some man had built a house here and by irrigating had a nice "truck" patch. We captured some young onions which seasoned our "veal" good. Had pretty hard day's climbing.

JUNE 16 — We will soon be out of the White Mts. Hope so. They are pretty, but hard to climb. They are the home of the Big Horn sheep

and deer. Got to camp before night. Had a splendid supper, soup, etc. Nice camp and water.

JUNE 17, TUES. — Camped at noon. Nothing to do in afternoon. Slept some. Very pretty canyon we are in. Near our camp we found a pile of horns on a rock. They were from the Big Horn sheep. Hunters had put them there. We found good silver quartz today. This mountain has silver.

JUNE 18, WED. — Climbed the mountain in morning and looked down into Fish Lake Valley (Nevada) and 'twas a beautiful sight. A long, level plain, or desert, with green spots here and there where there is water. Got down about noon and traveled up the valley five miles and came to wagons. Saw a nice house and saw some ladies.

JUNE 18 — A band of horses, 300 going to Denver, was herded near us last night. They with all our stock cover the plain. A great change in climate from the mountains. It will now be hot, hot. Have about 20 miles of valley.

JUNE 19, THURS. — A beautiful morning. The valley is full of Meadowlarks. They look like the Eastern lark, but their notes are different. They sing beautifully. We did not work much today. Cut all the boys' hair in the afternoon.

JUNE 20, FRI. — Got an early start and made 15 miles and camped at "Piper's Ranche."[17] Rode into camp upon pack mule, two of us on each mule. This Ranche is the largest in the valley and is only an oasis in the desert and is kept green by the stream that comes down from the mountain.

JUNE 21, SAT. — Overhauled all our goods and packed up everything we did not actually need, to send back.[18] Will soon come to pack mules exclusively. Turned cool in afternoon and wind blowed all night and we had to wrap up in our blankets to keep warm.

JUNE 22, SUN. — Wrote a letter home. Done a little sewing, etc. We do not work on Sunday if we have a decent place to camp, but for a real Sunday we are out of reach. I would like to be at home and clean and dress up, but this is best for me.

JUNE 22 — Gave our cast-off clothes to the Indians. Some of the littlest ones were entirely naked. Mr. Piper showed us some pieces of gold rock, very rich, picked up in this vicinity. Maybe we can strike some mines. This is a desert country and ought to be worth something. (Note: Piper Peak — 7,705 ft.)

JUNE 23, MON. — Got an early start and went into camp at 2 o'clock. Sent the mules back to Piper's for grass and water. Have to cross some mts. tomorrow. Began to see many Bayonet cactus plants, but there are many kinds below here. There are no other trees in sight and these look like men standing about.

JUNE 24, TUES. — Found indications of good ore and saw one or two new mines. Encamped at a little spring where there are new, rich mines started called "Syvania" (Sylvania). We talk some of "prospecting" tomorrow. Pretty cold tonight. Windy.



Ridges, plains and mountains of Death Valley.

JUNE 25, WED. — Started the mules around to a spring and we followed the line expecting to find them. Did not, and we are living out without supper or coat or blanket. Daylight at last, but no breakfast. Sent men on mules to find camp. Leaves three of (us?) here. 'Tis not nearly noon, and oh, I am so hungry.

JUNE 26, THURS. — We lie about and sleep if we can. Waiting for the pack mules. One of our men was out on a hill and found one of the mule drivers looking for us. Sent him for the train. Two o'clock. Good, the mules are coming down the cañon and we will soon have something to eat. Cooked some bacon on a stick and had bread. Felt better. Had good supper.

JUNE 26 — Lost in the barren hills. Slept last night on the ground and not even a coal to keep me warm and nothing to eat and no water. Oh such a terrible barren dry country. I can fancy I see how home looks, everything green and the well of cold, pure water and plenty to eat, and here I am living in the sand, lost and half-starved. But our mules will be here some time today and we will have something. This is but the beginning of hardships. Slept in our blankets tonight. The Col. shot a yearling heifer and the train brought it in. We soon had the hide off and some for supper.Dug a hole, made a fire in it, and put in the calf's head to cook for breakfast.

JUNE 27, FRI. — Went to top of mt. and came in sight of "Death Valley." Set a large flag and started to the valley to triangulate back.

Got down there late in afternoon and found no water, but could see a green place on side of mt. and I went around to take the mules there.

JUNE 27 — Had a good breakfast. The calf's head was baked nice, and plenty of beefsteak. We got to camp tonight at dark. A spring called "Last Chance" up on side of mountain overlooking Death Valley or the head of it. An awful dry, barren looking place. This is the only green place in sight and there is plenty of grass and tules here. We now commence to come where it will be rough. We shall probably suffer for water some, but we have plenty of pack mules and I think we will make it safe.

JUNE 28, SAT. — Woke up at sunrise and a lovely morning to break over such a desolate country. Death Valley lies dry and still below. Sundown. Done nothing today but cut some posts for the valley. Beautiful evening. Encamped on mountain side. Had mt. sheep for supper.

JUNE 28 — Tom Shaw, the great prospector, is encamped with his Indian here. He found a silver ledge yesterday, very rich. Plenty of minerals here. We will have a hard time now for awhile.

JUNE 29, SUN. — Have to work, nearly out of bread and 25 miles from wagons. I sit on the sand in the shade of a pack mule while the Col. runs a base to triangulate back. We are now in Death Valley. People at home are just about going to church now. Wonder if I will ever get back again.

JUNE 29 — Worked all day in Death Valley. Hot as h——. Camped at "Sand Spring" which comes out of a little mound surrounded by tules. Had a strong sulphur taste. Strange place, warm evening. We go direct to Grapevine tomorrow.

JUNE 30, MON. — Camped last night at Sand Spring, south of Sand Hills. Bad water. All of us went to Grapevine Spring.[19] Had Indian for a guide. Killed a horned rattlesnake on the way. Everything here has horns on. Plenty of water at Grapevine, and several grapevines.

JUNE — Arrived at Grapevine Springs about 11 o'clock. Walked 16 miles down Death Valley. A horrible country. Beds of Borax. The mountains each side of valley are very rough and perfectly bare and rich with metal. We are in the vicinity of the "Lost Lode."

JULY 1, TUES. — Followed our Indian guide around up a cañon to a water place. Several acres covered with tall reed grass 10 feet high. A jungle, and many grapevines. The valley about 400 yds. wide. The high mts. on either side are just "lava bed." The upper parts black, and lower down, white resembling lime, and all destitute of vegetation. Old volcanoes.

JULY 1 — Very hot today. Found an old Indian Squaw and two papooses here. We will probably be here a week for "observations" and to find the line on the Amagossa (Amargosa) Mountains.[20] Came from the Grapevine Springs about eight miles to this place. A good spring and grass.

JULY 2, WED. — We left camp and followed our Indian up the cañon to find where the line crosses the Amargosa Mts. Went about

five miles, but not to the line which is about three miles beyond. Returned to camp about noon. Washed and cleaned up. An old Squaw gave us some pine nuts. They are good.

JULY 3, THURS. — The large wagon went back this morning and took our extra blankets and clothes. Covered my hat with white muslin. Getting hot. We will stay here several days. Plenty of grass and water. Cleared a way up the cañon for our wagon to pass up and through to Amargosa Valley. Very warm in afternoon.

JULY 3 — Two of the boys have gone to Lida for mule shoes and to pack in about 400 lbs. of beef. We will "jerk" part of it. We are doing nothing today. Good breeze, cool today. Yesterday was hot, over 100° in shade. One of the men went out to find a pass to take the wagon and instruments through the mountains. Took an Indian with him for a guide. Tomorrow is the 4th of July. I suppose there will be the usual celebrations "out in America." We are going to have oysters and a big time too. Would like to be home tomorrow.

JULY 4, FRI. — The boys commenced firing their pistols at daybreak before they got out of their blankets. We have raised the flag on a pole lashed to the wagon wheel and intend to have as much "Fourth" as possible. But we are far from civilization and our means are limited. I would like to be at home "just for tonight."

JULY 4 — We still lay in camp. The boys have not got back from Lida with mule shoes and beef. Have been here nearly a week. Tired of "loafing." A nice camp, but we want to be going. This afternoon Ned Chatton read a poem which he had composed in which was mentioned each of our party. 'Twas good for the opportunity he had to make it. Will send a copy home. After this we had supper. Oysters, beans, rice, coffee, pea soup, etc. Our beef is all gone. At night we looked at the moon and stars through the telescope. Our guide, Johnny, and the other Indians here were delighted and would feel before the instrument for the magnified object. We expect the boys back tonight from Lida and we will then start on the line tomorrow.

JULY 5, SAT. — Boys came back this morning and I put shoes on four mules and one horse. Jack got me a straw hat and a gallon canteen. Will start in morning. Jerked our beef and hung it out to dry in the sun. Hot as the devil, over 100° in the shade.

JULY 5 — There is several acres of tall reed grass growing around the water here. The stalk, when dry, furnishes arrows for the Indians and on the leaf there collects a kind of "honey dew." They cut the grass and dry it in the sun. Then beat off the sugar and so collect it. A kind of grass grows here of which they make their baskets, hats, etc. They make them to hold water. Filled an old squaw's hat with pea soup this morning. Boys did not come last (night). Can't go till they come. Put all of our names on a Mesquite tree and stated we passed the Fourth here.

JULY 6, SUN. — Started on line again. Came to the Amargosa Mts. about noon and there left the pack train and sent them by the guide to a spring. We climbed the mts. all the afternoon and sundown found

us in a deep cañon. Tired, hungry and thirsty and we will have to lay out tonight without blankets or coats.

JULY 6 — We had a teapot and we each put a cupful of water in it and made some tea which with crackers made us some supper. Oh, I am so dry and thirsty and but a little water in my canteen. I must save that for tomorrow. I would give dollars for a good drink. It is now twilight and I must lie down in the gravel to sleep. I am tired. I have carried one gallon of water, haversack, axe, shovel, teapot, tin cup, etc., and hot. The rocks tower above us, a grand sight — if — we had water and blankets. 12 o'clock. Waked up and felt cold. Made a fire. Plenty of dry branches of nut pine. We are now lying around the fire on the sharp stones about like those that we make the streets of at home, sharp and hard. But I won't mind them if I had a blanket over me and a drink of water.

JULY 7, MON. — Slept last night on little rough stones without blankets. Soon as daylight we each gave up our cup of water to make tea and then started on the line. Dared not drink what little water we had. At noon made a fire on a mountain and the train saw it and sent a man to us with water and grub.

JULY 7 — We were very thirsty when the man came to us with water in four canteens and we drank it and started for camp six miles off. Going down the cañon came to a spring and such a shout of joy. We filled our canteens and ourselves and got to camp in afternoon tired. Can look out to left on the Amargosa Desert.

JULY 8, TUES. — On high ridge of Amargosa Mt. Can see far in advance, not so rough, have desert country. Can see a great way around from where I sit. The plain to left has little hills rising from it resembling the pyramids of Egypt. We triangulate far in advance to a mountain from here and will soon go to camp, same place.

JULY 8 — Went to camp about noon and after dinner slept about three hours in the shade of a big rock. Like a "dorg" on the rocks. Can lay down now any place and sleep without blankets. We are now camped in the Amargosa Mts. and some grand scenery right above our camps beats any oil painting I ever saw.

JULY 9, WED. — Triangulated down in foothills far in advance and then got on the mule trail and came into camp in "Boundary Cañon" at 4 o'clock. Walked all day. Two springs here on mountain side. Two old squaws and two little "bucks" live in a "wickiup" by the water. Have a little space fenced with sage brush and some corn, beans, pumpkins, etc., growing.

JULY 9 — This little garden though poorly cultivated looked good to me. Such a relief from sand and sage brush. The guide says there is a white man living where we camp tomorrow night. Back of this camp is a high bald mountain. In front we look from the mouth of the cañon across the desert to the Amargosa Valley. Our wagon is there; send for it tomorrow.

JULY 9 — We have about 175 miles yet to go to Colorado (River). Our guide talks of going back soon. Hope we can get another. Great

help. Would be almost impossible to find water in this God-forsaken country if we had no guide. We are out of any timber and not a tree in sight for miles. The country looks like great piles of ashes and some hills are covered with black, burned rocks. Old volcanoes. I never thought that there was such a country in the world. I have seen nothing but desert for more than a month. I wonder how the folks are at home. Hope will find them all alive and well when I write to them. Have not seen a girl for six weeks. I know of one I would like to see. Well, we will be out of this some time and then maybe I will go home.

JULY 10, THURS. — Followed the guide to "Chloride Cliff" Spring. Our Indian guide is to go back from here. A miner came to the spring for water. The Col. hired him for a water guide. He says he knows the country 100 miles ahead. If so, 'twill be salvation to us for now comes the "tug of war"; beyond that we are safe.

JULY 10 — This camp Yah-turn-be Spring (Greasewood) the Indian name, in little cañon leading into Death Valley across which I can see Funeral Mts.[21] The next spring is 35 miles. The mountains are bare and hot and even the lizards are getting scarce. No dews or dampness at all. They say it sometimes rains hard here, but don't look like it now.

JULY 11, FRI. — Went to the Amargosa Valley and got on line and camped. Sent the mules back to spring we left. No water here. Valley 10 miles wide. Mountains on either side bare and striped. We call them "Calico Mts." We are now about the middle of "no place," but begin to talk of getting through to Colorado (River).

JULY 11 — This camp is dry and the next spring is Mesquite Wells[22] and we will march fast to get there. Have to carry water for two days. The wagon came to us about noon. Glad to see the boys. Began to be uneasy about them. They had a dry, hard time. I feel good and don't care so I get plenty to eat and drink.

JULY 12, SAT. — 445-mile mound made up of lava rocks up on a high cliff that faced high and abrupt down the Amargosa Valley. Grand view. Good Chloride rock near here. Had a hot dry day and dry camp. Water on allowance. Coffee and crackers for supper and dare not drink for fear of being short tomorrow.

JULY 12 — Went down the Amargosa Valley, an arm of Death Valley. The hot breaths of wind come out of that valley hot and dry. Camped with little water in canteens and that nearly hot. Dare not drink much, afraid 'twould not last until we meet the train. Could not help thinking of the water at home.

JULY 13, SUN. — Started out at daylight after having a cup of coffee and crackers. Dare not eat meat for it creates thirst. The mules brought us some water back about 11 o'clock. Then we eat plenty of meat and put up our tent and laid by for awhile. Thermometer about 100° in shade. West of us are Funeral Mts.

JULY 14, MON. — Traveled five miles across Amargosa Desert and camped at Mesquite Well. A hole dug in the desert. Very hot but quite a breeze. We are near the lower end of this desert where it joins

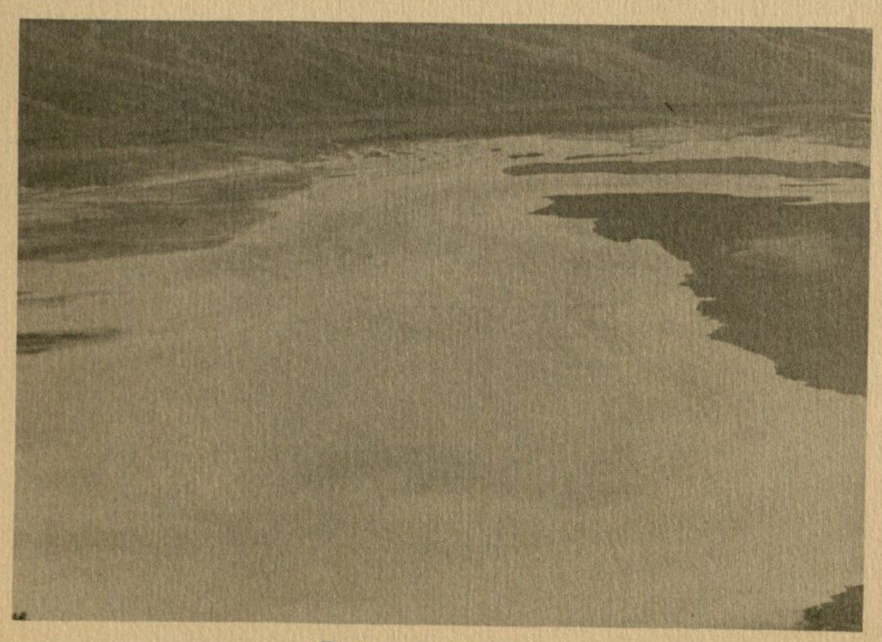
Death Valley. A large lone mountain stands at the entrance. I am not quite so well today. Long march and no grub and water. Made it.

JULY 15, TUES. — Went back in the line with Myron 10 miles to set mile posts. Hot and windy. Camped at night same place. Very dusty. This is midway in the Amargosa Desert and a few mesquite trees. Our guide went to Ash Meadows and got a whole beef. Jerked three-quarters.

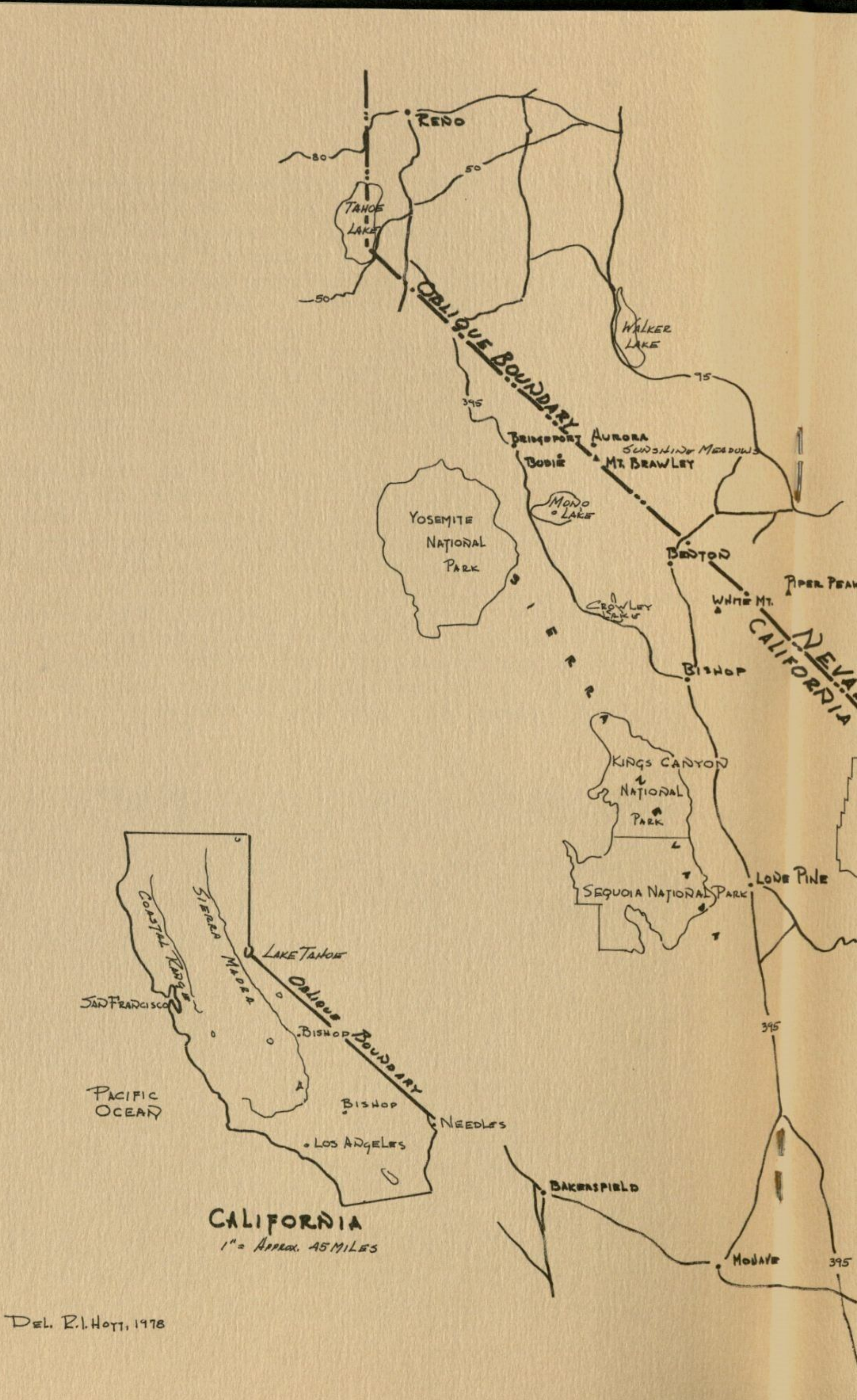
JULY 16, WED. — Went eight miles to Ash Meadows.[23] Very hot, thermometer 106° in shade. Part of day walked in puffy ground like dry ashes. Ash Meadows on the swampy bed of the Amargosa is taken up by a man who has 800 cattle here. Much water comes down here in winter.

JULY 17, THURS. — Came over hills 12 miles to the upper end of a desert valley. Made a dry camp in arm of Pahrimp (Pahrump) Valley. 'Twas awful hot today. Thermometer 108° in shade. The mountains here are entirely bare and not so high as we have seen. The wind in afternoon feels like that from a furnace taking the skin from the face.

JULY 18, FRI. — Came eight miles. Encamped by some Mesquite trees. Thermometer 155° in sun and 112° in shade. My clothes was wet with perspiration and now stiff and sour. Will get to Stump Springs in two days. Will there rest and change. Feel good and hearty. We will soon be through. Wonder what is the news in America.

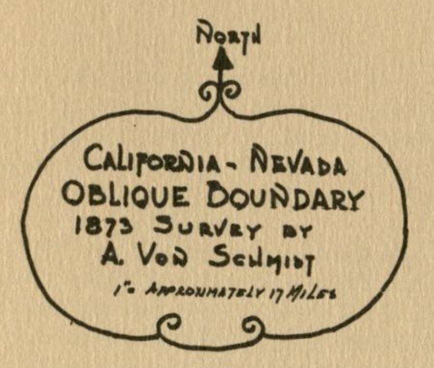


Barren borax flats.



CALIFORNIA
1" = Approx. 45 MILES

Del. R.I. Hoyt, 1978


North
California - Nevada
Oblique Boundary
1873 Survey by
A. Von Schmidt
1" = Approximately 17 Miles
Lida
Scottie's Castle
Grapevine Mountains
Amargosa
Rhyolite
Beatty
Death
Chloride Bluff
Desert
190
Valley
Furnace Creek
Ash Meadows Ranch
Death Valley Junction
Pahrump
National
Monument
127
93
95
15
Oblique Boundary
Lake Mead
Colorado River
Lake Mohave
Ivanpah
15
Fort Mohave
58
Barstow
Needles

JULY 19, SAT. — Ran three miles in morning and put up the tent and waited for the wagon to come up. It came about 3 o'clock. We sent a mule for water to a spring three miles off. We packed and ran the line three miles in evening. 'Twas terribly hot today. Thermometer 116° in shade. Metals would burn in sun.

JULY 20, SUN. — Started soon as light. Had 10 miles to go and wanted to go it before heat of day. Got here half past 10. 'Twas a hard half day's work. Expected to encamp at Stump Springs, but they are too far off. We discovered good water and grass near and will be here four or five days. Had a sprinkle of rain in afternoon.

JULY 20 — It has been so hot that I have not written much here and I have time now (while I wait for my shirt to dry). I will take a few notes that I may remember when I get home again. Home, I wonder if I will get home again. I expect to some day. We are now in the hottest part of this horrible country and the heat is fearful. The wind that comes over the dry sand is like the heat from a furnace door taking the very skin from face and lips. I have been wet with perspiration every day and am now. Had no water to wash even my face and hands and when my clothes would dry they would be as stiff as boards, and sour. We have come today, at noon, to the point for our last observation point until we get to the Colorado River. Stump Springs is near here and we expected to see it, for most of our train is there.

Not seeing it, sent Myron on a mule up a cañon that showed signs of water. He came in after we had put up the tent and was eating dinner and brought his canteen full of good cool water. After dinner he and I took our four mules and two kegs and came up here. We had to cut through willows and make a trail for some distance and hot, Oh awful. We soon came to head of cañon where the rocks came around in a circle, a regular horseshoe, and about 50 feet high. The water drips down in little streams from the top and makes a little pond about 10 feet long. The rocks jut over so we can go in behind the drops of water. 'Tis a pretty place and I think no human being was ever here before. I have taken off my striped shirt and washed it and spread it out to dry. Then I will put it on and wash out my flannel undershirt and so (on?), one at a time. We will stay here until nearly sundown, then fill up the kegs and canteens and go to camp with the mules, get supper, then take them back to the water again.

There is some rushes growing here and the mules are devouring them. Poor things. They had no water and nothing to eat since yesterday morning and they drank like famished things. We often have to go a night without food and water for them. We will stay at this camp four or five days to take astronomical observations and then go for the Colorado. It is now but about 100 miles and we will go that, if good luck, in about 15 days. The boys are impatient to get through. I know I am. Well, I guess my shirt is about dry and I will stop writing.

It is thundering in the southeast and Myron, who has climbed to the top of the rock, and can see out, says there is a large black cloud over there. It may rain here; it does sometimes at this time of year.

Myron hallooed to me and said he had discovered a nice place to take a shower bath, so I climbed up to him and found where the water came out of an overhanging rock in several little streams, clear and cool, and right under these streams was a nice square rock covered with moss which made an excellent seat. I took off my clothes, washed out my undershirt which was stiff with constant sweating, and spread it on a bush to dry. Then had a good wash. I will have a good wash here when the pack train comes up with clean clothes.

It is now nearly two months since I have been into a house or sat at a table or seen a woman or a girl, except a few Indian squaws, which are generally revolting looking creatures. I begin to want to get through and back where I can hear from home and friends. Wonder how many letters are at Bronco for me and how all the folks are in Clarksburg. I suppose they think of me and wonder where I am and what I am doing. I am now lying in the sand in shade of a wagon. Some of the boys have gone to the spring with the mules and kegs. I have dug the holes for the posts to set the observatory instruments this morning.

JULY 21, MON. — In morning fixed blocks for instruments to stand on. Then I went up to the spring to wash my clothes. Went alone and washed everything I have and took a bath under the rocks where the water drips down. Was very windy and disagreeable on the plain.

JULY 22, TUES. — The Mexicans and the Col. had a row last night, and Myron and I went after water this morning. Patched my underclothes, etc. Wedged up the tires of the wagon and tinkered other things. This camp is out in the desert.

JULY 22 — Went to spring alone about two miles from camp and up a narrow cañon. 'Twas rather lonely and an Indian might put an arrow through a fellow. There are a few of them through here but I was not at all afraid and had a revolver and knife on my belt. Washed and rinsed my clothes and hung them on bushes to dry, then prospected around with my undershirt and drawers on. I had to smile at my own appearance. Put myself in mind of Indians I have seen — scanty clothing and knife and pistol in belt. I was there all the afternoon, then went back on the trail to camp just in time for supper and 'twould surprise anyone to see us eat.

JULY 23, WED. — Myron and I took two saddle mules and two packers and went for water. On one mule we have a 30-gallon barrel, on the other three 10-gallon casks. I guess 'twould bother an eastern man to put them on mules so as to stay on a steep mountain trail. We can put them on so as a mule can lay down and roll over and not come off and a mule gets used to it. We let them loose with the packs on and they follow a trail like hounds.

JULY 23 — Myron and I cut two mule loads of willow mile posts this morning. I am now herding the mules. We watch them here. Indians are fond of mule meat. I am lying under a large willow tree, good shade and comfortable. A Henry rifle by me and revolver hanging on a limb.

JULY 24, THURS. — Left observatory camp and went seven miles and camped. Laid still in afternoon. Passed the Salt Lake road and

Stump Springs and made a dry camp. Sent the mules back to spring and two of them strayed away. The boys found them next day.

JULY 25, FRI. — Under willow tree herding mules. We found this little valley and it is full of "Saeatone" grass which is splendid for our mules. 'Tis the first we have seen and to find it here is fortunate. It looks like our "Red top." We also found water in here by digging a little. We go in the morning I guess. Hope so, for I soon get tired of one thing and I want to get out of this devilish country.

JULY 25 — We went on the line and had a hot day. Laid by in middle of day. Came down into the sand hills. Camped late. Mules on line nearly give out. Had no water or feed for two days.

JULY 26, SAT. — Our guide has informed us of a spring in advance and we started the line early. 'Twas awful hot. Sweat ran off us in streams. Got to the spring after noon. Two Mexicans there with horses, mules and jacks.

JULY 27, SUN. — Slept until after sunrise. We are to stop here for a day or two. Sent to Ivanpah for some flour, grub, etc. It is a little mining camp where they pack water eight miles. We are now 75 miles from Colorado (River), but think water is scarce and hot weather on the route.

JULY 27 — Spring near Ivanpah.[24] Sunday morning under a Mesquite tree. We rest here today. It looks like Sunday morning. We have worked for the past three Sundays. I would like to be at home today and have on some good clothes and be clean once more, and a nice clean dinner. I wish we were at the Colorado for certain reasons. I am getting tired of this business, but we get along very well. The weather is terrible, hot, over 100° in shade every day. The spring water here is very strong of sulphur, but quite cool and good. I expect the trip from here will be rough and hot sand hills and yesterday sand hills looked like snow banks, all shapes. The thermometer stood this afternoon in the tent 121°. If that ain't hot, I don't know what is. The Col. discharged the Mexican packers today and hired a man here. He and Myron take the train now and it will make better time.

JULY 28, MON. — Came up to the head of the valley and triangulated to the top of mountain. Will cross over in morning early. Camped at noon and I have been lying in a little cave out of the sun all the afternoon. Got some papers yesterday from Ivanpah, accounts of Colorado east.

JULY 28 — Saw several new kinds of cactus and some very pretty. I would like to send some home and will if there are any near the Colorado. Has not been so hot today, quite comfortable in forenoon.

JULY 29, TUES. — Started at daybreak and got to top of mountain at 7 o'clock. Large rough bare mountain and some of the finest rocky scenery I have seen. Found a piece of rock; photographed with little bushes. Went out on plain and camped. Sent the mules to Ivanpah for water, etc. A space of 55 miles without water. Rough.

JULY 30, WED. — Packed water 12 miles to the line and they say at Ivanpah that 'tis 35 or 40 miles to water. We have to fill our

kegs and go for it. Expect 'twill be a hard old trip and we may suffer, but we are confident and 'tis the last desert and we are but 55 miles from the Colorado.

JULY 30 — The boys found a saddle, a coat, some shirts and other clothing and a pocketbook out on the desert. The leather was eaten off saddle by the coyotes and 'tis uncertain what was the fate of the owner. Probably perished from thirst. Many men do out here. A person gets lost and out of water and the heat soon overcomes them. They get bewildered and give up and die. Our route seems rough and we can hear of no more water before us.

JULY 30 — Franklin (the guide) started out before to hunt for water. Myron goes back to Ivanpah about 15 miles to water the mules and bring up water for tomorrow. By the time he overtakes us tomorrow night the mules will nearly give out and thirsty as ever. But we have to go.

JULY 31, THURS. — Pat and I went around the mountain with the mule and our tent and a few cooking things. Struck the line and we went across the valley and encamped and waited until nearly night before our train came in sight, and we were out of water. I went back and met them and we got in after dark and had a tolerable square meal. Myron got some beef at Ivanpah. Things look better.

JULY 31 — Myron came up to us after dark. I had to go back two miles to help him and Louis get the mules in. We had been out of water several hours and none to cook with. Got supper and Franklin came in on foot and said he had found water just ahead. Cheering news. He left his poor mule there. We concluded to send the mules there tonight, but the water would not give all of them a taste, poor things.

AUG. 1, FRI. — Franklin, the guide, came after dark last night. He had found water, a coyote hole, two miles in front. We moved there this morning and dug down about five feet. The water comes in very slow and the mules are suffering. Can give them but a few quarts each. Must move from here.

AUG. 1 — All hands dry out the spring, but the supply of water is small. We keep a man dipping up with a tin cup and filling the kegs and so save it all. Have to guard it to keep the mules out.

AUG. 2, SAT. — Stood guard last night to keep the poor mules out of the spring. Got up at 2 o'clock and started all the mule train, except four by Myron and Franklin, around to the Colorado. Have to guess where to strike the trail. God knows whether they will ever get there. We can get water enough today for our four mules and in morning must start for Colorado. 50 miles to water.

AUG. 3, SUN. — Started early. Pat and I went with pack mules. Heavy shower of rain in forenoon. Got very wet. Afternoon Pat and I got lost off the trail and did not get to camp until after dark. Another shower. Got very wet. Terribly tired, went to sleep after supper, wet and cold.

AUG. 3 — Filled four ten-gallon kegs and with some grub and one

blanket each made a start for the Colorado. Looks rather desperate, but 'tis the only chance. The men are all in good spirits and anxious to get through. Well, to make this short. We worked hard all day and used as little water, and we could eat no meat and lay down to sleep as soon as dark for two days and nights. All kinds of cactus trees along the route. Dry, but cool.

AUG. 4, MON. — Up early and after eating a scanty breakfast, dare not eat meat for fear of thirst, started the line. Went 15 miles, mostly desert, and camped. Two kegs of water left. Gave each mule a pan full and two cups of flour. Must go to water tomorrow. Killed a tarantula in camp before dark. Not pleasant bed fellows. Tired and footsore.

AUG. 5, TUES. — Twenty miles between us and water, and mules nearly perishing, but must drive them there today. Run the line very fast and about 10 o'clock from a ridge we came in sight of the Colorado. And a glad shout went up from the jaded boys. We left the line and struck for the water. Got in about 3 o'clock. Nearly dead, but thankful.

AUG. 5 — By 10 o'clock we had gone as many miles, when as we came to a ridge we could see down a cañon to our right, the "Rio Colorado" winding down through the valley. As welcome a sight as ever greeted my eyes. We run the line to a high point overlooking the valley and stopped. Made us a cup of tea and then started for the river. I had the three pack mules in my care and the poor things had become so small and poor that the "cinches" would do no good and the packs kept continually getting on each side and made me enough trouble. The mules could but just stagger along. The river looks but three or four miles off, but in reality is about 12. The road leading down to Camp Mohave[25] is pretty good and down grade and we trudged along for hours. I thought I would never get to the water, but after awhile it began to look nearer and I could distinguish the trees and pleasant green bushes on the banks. We had had to whip the mules to get them along, but now they began to smell the water and it gave them new life and they rushed along so that we could hardly keep up.

We at last came to an inland slough from the river and gave the mules water. The other part of our pack train had just got in safe. The wagon had been here two days. There was a silent rejoicing, for we were too dirty, tired, and worn down to make much demonstration. We washed up and 'twas not long before an Indian came into camp with a watermelon. What a treat for us after a good supper. Another Indian brought in two more melons, a musk and watermelon, and we had a feast. These Indians are naked all but a little strip of calico about their loins.

AUG. 6, WED. — Waked up this morning hearing Indians talking. They had brought in some fish. We bought a large one and the boys are now preparing it for breakfast. 'Twas cold last night and some dew. Could hear the Indians in the Lake last night fishing. There are plenty of them here.

AUG. 6 — Some of us went over in a boat to Camp Mohave. A very

nice camp and quarters. Got a cigar, a drink of port, etc. Got some mutton and other little delicacies. Will be here a few days and then for "America" once more. Wrote a letter, too.

AUG. 7, THURS. — Went over to Camp Mohave in morning and also in afternoon with boat for supplies. Warm. Have plenty of melons now. Moved the camp down to bank of river opposite Camp Mohave. Will be glad when we are through. The river is about as large as the Ohio and muddy, hence the name "red."

AUG. 8, FRI. — Fixed for observations. Cut some posts, etc. Warm, very. Had some bottled ale and melons. It is warm here in daytime and cool nights. We have mutton every three days.

(Memo.) We are encamped on the bank of river opposite to Fort Mohave. This is a pleasant place, but very warm. There is a few small cottonwood trees and small willow bushes around. The banks are all sand and continually dropping off and changing. The river is about the size of the Ohio and very muddy and hence the name Colorado meaning in Spanish, Red River. Camp Mohave is situated on a gravelly bank and is a nice, clean place. The quarters built of adobe are cool and well furnished and kept in good order. We go over every day in a large boat rigged with sail for barley and hay for mules and also supplies for ourselves. Barley is worth nine cents per pound and hay $2 per bale. We get melons from 25 to 50 cents. Got one dozen bottles of pale ale today. Good.

There are a great many Indians along the river. They are peaceable now and come into our camp every day. We have them bring us melons, grass for mules, carry letters and notes, etc., over to the fort. They go almost entirely naked, the men having but a strip of calico eight inches wide and about two yards long. The ends of this is drawn under a belt before and behind and the ends hang down short in front and long behind. The squaws' dress is peculiar and funny and consists of small strips of inner bark drawn under a girdle and hangs down all around nearly to the knees. Behind it is thicker and forms a kind of "Grecian Bend" and they resemble an ostrich very much. This hump behind forms a comfortable seat for the papooses and the little things sit there and cling to the mothers' bare skin like animals. The little ones are entirely naked and most of the squaws are too, except the bark arrangement.

The men are tall, fine formed fellows and look like bronze statues. They have a strange way of doing up their hair, both men and women. They mix up mud like batter and cover and smear their heads and hair with it and then do it up nearly the same as our girls do and about the shape. This forms a kind of mud ball which keeps the head cool as long as 'tis damp. When it becomes dry they beat if off and the hair looks black and glistening. They use their hair in carrying things across the river, tying their hair about it and swimming across keeps it above water. They are much better looking than the Piutes or Shoshones and some of the young squaws are quite pretty.

We begin to get rested up a little. Have washed the alkali dust

and sand from our faces and have taken a bath in the Rio Colorado. The current is swift and water muddy.

AUG. 9, SAT. — Put in large posts for instruments this morning. Terrible hot on the sandy shore. We sweat like rain. The wind sprang up in afternoon, cooler. Good looking squaws in camp today.

AUG. 10, SUN. — Went over in boat early for meat for breakfast. Wrote a letter to Marcel. After dinner went down to where the instruments are. Staid and guarded them till supper. Have plenty of melons now and very good. Got a letter from Marcel.

AUG. 11, MON. — Wind blowed and sand nearly covered us, and some rain last night. Went over the river twice today. Sent a letter to Marcel. Did some washing, etc. Mr. Franklin (the guide) started back this morning to his mine back to the Amargosa. I would hate to go back there. He took two mules, a water keg, grub, etc.

AUG. 12, TUES. — We chained down the river about two miles. Don't think that we are in the right spot. Expect will have to move the instruments down further. We came back by boat and the wind blew a gale. Hoisted sail and the boat flew through the water. Ran aground three times.

AUG. 12 — I came down to this observation camp and station this morning to keep guard of the instruments, etc. while the Col. and assistants are up to camp to breakfast. He stays up in camp all day and comes down here at night to make astronomical observations. Just a few moments ago as I was lying on the wickiup I heard a great yelping out in the bushes and taking my revolver and knife went out there. 'Twas a coyote and her young ones. The chaparral was so thick that I could not get a shot at them and I saw the tracks of barefooted Indians in the sand and thought 'twas not prudent to go out too far from camp. They might slip in and steal something or maybe slip an arrow through me. In the bushes there are great droves of quail here, top knots and very pretty. There are rabbits here and I see "coon" tracks on the river banks.

We go over to the Fort every other morning and get a carcass of a sheep from the butcher. They are small and not fat, weight about 35 or 40 pounds, and we all have good appetites and soon clean one out. Some of the boys took the boat day before yesterday and went up two miles to Capt. Smith's ranche for melons. Bought several. He has lots of them and very fine ones. I must save some seed and send home to Va.

The nights are cloudy and the observations have not been so satisfactory. The Col. thinks the line, as established by former surveys, is lower down the river. We chained down two miles today and it commenced to blow and storm and we came back. Tonight will be clear and I hope we will get some good observations. I want to get out of here. Might get fever and ague or something of that sort. Along this low muddy river there is some dew falls here at night.

AUG. 13, WED. — All walked down and did some surveying two and a half miles. Hired an Indian boy to swim across the river with a

flag. 'Twas awful hot today, worse than the desert heat. I was not very well and took some pills at night. The old chief "Sitcahota" in camp today.

AUG. 14, THURS. — After taking the pills did not feel very well. Kept guard at observation camp all day without dinner. The boys all rode down and built some mounds and set some posts.

AUG. 15, FRI. — Did nothing but little chores about camp and got ready for a march.

AUG. 16, SAT. — Brought up the instruments and took them over to Camp Mohave to send them by steamer. Start for home tomorrow. Good.

AUG. 17, SUN. — Started early in the morning for Los Angeles. Took three pack mules, six men in wagons and five on mules. I rode mule. Went 25 miles to Piute Hill. Good water.

AUG. 18, MON. — Went 25 miles to Gor Hole. Poor water and not much of it. Shoed mules in afternoon. Stood guard until midnight. Coyote came and took tin plate off bean pot.

AUG. 19, TUES. — Started early and went to Morell (?) Springs, 18 miles, and stopped for dinner. Good water, little house, and got some whiskey, pickles, salmon and green peas. After dinner went 10 miles and camped dry. Volcanic country.

AUG. 20, WED. — Came to Soda Lake to dinner. This is a great basin. The sink of the Mohave on this alkali plain; saw some fine mirages. Water bad. Got five ducks and had some for supper. Went one mile and camped. Volcanic. Beautiful sunset.

AUG. 21, THURS. — In morning went to "caves." Passed through the prettiest cañon I ever saw. The rocks were all colors and of the most picturesque shapes. Had some butter and milk in tent. Got dinner, fresh pork, also begin to get luxuries. Went five miles. Camped dry.

AUG. 22, FRI. — Came to "Camp Cady" to dinner. An old fort and soldier station, abandoned. Some good adobe houses and wide strips of green bushes and trees along Mohave River. Went to "Fish Pond." In all, 32 miles. Corralled the mules, fed hay and barley; grapes today and apple.

AUG. 22 — "Camp Cady." Stop here for dinner. There are seven houses here, one occupied as a kind of tavern or inn. We are going towards the coast as fast as the animals will travel. I am with pack train and have good saddle and mule and we have some fun to ourselves. The Col. is with the wagon. Yesterday Louie, a "Chilano," in crossing the Mohave River got his mule in the quicksand and he (the mule) being weak and small fell over and both of them lay kicking in the water and made fun for us all. Today the mule got startled and ran and the tin pans rattled and frightened three more and 'twas fun to see them kick and move. We got some butter here today for dinner. Had some yesterday. Had not seen butter for two months, but we will now soon be where we can get plenty to eat and drink. That will be something for us. The Col. gets us everything he can, no matter what price.

AUG. 22 — Cottonwood, noon. Cooks getting dinner. Will have

eggs, butter, milk and onions. Won't that be a treat for us, big dinner. The driver asked us if we wanted grapes and apples. We told him the boss was back in the wagon. We sent Ed back with him. The Col. bought 20 lbs. of grapes and some apples. They were good, you bet.

AUG. 23, SAT. — Came to Cottonwoods for dinner. Pretty grove and well of good water. Had eggs, butter and milk for dinner in nice shade. Went to "Lane's Ranche" and camped at sundown. Pretty tired from riding muleback. Begins to look like better country. Quite a green valley here and lot of cattle. Good range for cattle. Turned our mules out in field.

AUG. 24, SUN. — Got to Tears about 3 o'clock. Traveled 30 miles. Pretty good house and two tolerable pretty girls. They looked so to me anyhow. Had chickens for supper. This man has fruit trees and a garden and things begin to look civilized.

AUG. 25, MON. — Stopped at Martins for dinner. Had some tomatoes and slapjacks and honey. A nice camping ground. The country has changed, mountains covered with chaparral. Camped at 4 o'clock at Cucamonga Ranche.[26] Wine, grapes and everything. All got tight.

AUG. 25 — Cucamonga Ranche. The cooks are cooking chickens for supper and eggs also. We came here at 4 o'clock and have been drinking wine and eating grapes until we are full and about half tight. 'Twas a luxury to get such good things and I have a cigar, too, to smoke after supper. This is a nice place. One hundred and seventy thousand vines. Make 80,000 gallons of wine yearly. There are fine passion flowers growing here. I got some seed for somebody.

AUG. 26, TUES. — Came to El Monte, little town, some good country surrounding it. Had watermelons and green corn for supper. The night was very cool and considerable dew. 12 miles to Los Angeles.

AUG. 27, WED. — Started early for Los Angeles. Came through a good country, but looks bare and dry at this season of year. Got in town at 10 o'clock. Got some new clothes and cleaned up. Looked like different boys.

AUG. 28, THURS. — Eat too much fruit yesterday. Little sick today. Left Los Angeles at 4 o'clock on cars for the steamer. Got on board about sundown and went to bed early. Could eat no supper, not even smoke a cigar.

AUG. 29, FRI. — Awoke this morning as they fired signal gun for Santa Barbara. Went on deck, saw several boys on shore that I know. Had not time to go up town. Everything looks natural and I would like to go ashore and see some of my good friends.

AUG. 30, SAT. — Eat a good breakfast and improved. All day foggy and cold. Many are seasick. The steamer rolls over the heavy swells. Most of the ladies are lying in bed displaying more ankles than grace. Arrived at "Frisco" in afternoon. Put up at the Russ House.

AUG. 31, SUN. — Went in the morning to see the shipping and the large ship "Vanderbilt." After lunch went to Woodwards Gardens and at night to theatre. Saw Joe Murphy perform. Last night went

to Cal. Theatre. Played the "Sea of Ice." Splendid scenery, the best I ever saw.

SEPT. 1, MON. — Walked about town and saw what was to be seen. Did not get up till 10 o'clock. Bought a cigar case for Marcel. Late in evening took a "spin" around town with a friend. Saw "Frisco" by gaslight. Pretty fast town. Was out pretty late.

SEPT. 2, TUES. — "Loafed" about and killed time as best I could. Got up about 10 o'clock. Can hear nothing talked of here but election which takes place tomorrow.

SEPT. 3, WED. — Great crowds on the streets. I went to Von Smith's[27] office to settle. Told me to come tomorrow. Banks closed today. I don't like the climate here, cold, windy or foggy in afternoons.

SEPT. 4, THURS. — Settled with Von Smith and at 4 o'clock got on board steamboat for Sacramento. Pleasant ride up the bay. Before dark procured a room and went to sleep and waked up next

SEPT. 5, FRI. — morning at Sacramento. Went up to Capitol Hotel. After breakfast went to the Park to see the "Flyers." Saw "Occident" go. Also some other good horses. Got on train after dinner and landed at Bronco about midnight.

SEPT. 6, SAT. — Found a lot of letters here for me. Took me half a day to read them. News very good. Glad to hear that all my friends are well. Threw them all in the stove after reading them. Not going to write for awhile.

SEPT. 7, SUN. — Abbie went down to Verdi[28] this morning and brought home with her for a short visit the prettiest kind of a girl. Have not spoken to a girl since last spring. She looks as if there was some life about her. So here goes to dinner — and — an introduction. Darned if I don't feel bashful.

SEPT. 8, MON. — Shot some Cal. ground squirrels this morning. Ah Sam, the Chinese cook, went to Truckee before dinner and "Mary" our little visitor cooked them for supper. Splendid. We are getting along nicely. She can talk, sing, shoot, row a boat or play Euchre. We are going boat riding tomorrow. Played Euchre till late at night.

SEPT. 9, TUES. — Stayed indoors. Girls' company new thing to me. We (Mary and I) went through the store, eat a watermelon, peaches, and China candy and honey. After dinner went boat riding on river. We tipped boat until it dipped water. She said if it upset she "could swim out." We spent the evening at Mr. Johnston's and played Euchre. All gone to bed when we got home. Had long walk and nice time.

SEPT. 10, WED. — Mary went home this morning and after dinner I got lonesome and took my gun and went up on mountain to a little lake. Lots of wild ducks there. I shot my game bag full, also one squirrel.

SEPT. 11, THURS. — Wrote a sort of letter to Marcel. I ought to write to several friends, but I don't feel like it. Going to rest a little. I get a little lonesome and am going on the mountain and camp with the wood hands. Aleck is going to bring me a "grouse dog" from Truckee today.

SEPT. 12, FRI. — Brought the dog and I sent him up to the wood camp by a Chinaman. After dinner I went up two and a half miles straight

up, hard climb, light air. Got to cabin before dark. Good supper and bunk to sleep in. A Chinese cook. The men are good to me, give me every comfort they can.

SEPT. 13, SAT. — Started out after breakfast to shoot for grouse. Dog soon started one and "treed" it. I knocked him out, the first grouse I ever saw. Large, grey bird, something like pheasant, but larger. Killed two near camp. Monday I shall go further out and find plenty.

SEPT. 14, SUN. — Well, I promised to send this collection of nonsense to Marcel, so I will here stop my diary.

To any who may chance to look over these notes, please excuse style and composition, for most of the survey was written by light of camp fire when I should have been asleep. In some instances, I have written in another place, there not being room. But I think they are dated so as to be found.

SEPT. 19, FRI. — Went to Reno today. Spent the day there. Stopped with my friend Lippman.

SEPT. 20, SAT. — In Reno all day. Got pictures taken for home. Went around town at night with Guss Lippman. Quite a little city, and some fun here.

SEPT. 21, SUN. — Lucius came down this morning. When the eleven o'clock train started, I jumped aboard and went up to Verdi and spent the day with Mollie. Staid all night and

SEPT. 22, MON. — to breakfast Monday morning. Had a walk after breakfast and came back late for school. Accompanied her to school house and bid good bye. Good time. Got home at noon.

SEPT. 24, WED. — Went to work for the boys. Tired of "loafing."



Treeless plains and mountains like those Wickes saw.

FOOTNOTES

[1] The Shaw House was a popular local hotel.

[2] Wm. A. Streeter's was a boarding house on Gutierrez Street.

[3] The first week of the new year was observed as a "Week of Prayer" by Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, with union services each night.

[4] The Almendralina, a Peruvian vessel was allegedly disabled and sold to Goodall & Nelson for much less than its value.

[5] This may have been Miss N. La Grange, temporary editor of the Press.

[6] Watching steamers dock was a novelty, since Stearns' Wharf had been in business only since Spet. 16, 1872.

[7] Mrs. Howlett apparently came to be the new manager of the St. Charles Hotel when Louis Raffour took over his new Occidental. The St. Charles was near the corner of State and De la Guerra Streets.

[8] Lobero's "magnificent place of amusement" was "opened for the first time" with a "grand Italian operatic concert" February 22.

[9] Sunshine Valley, Nevada, was near the Davidson Ranch, an old stage station on the toll road between Bodie, Calif., and Aurora, Nevada.

[10] "Mr. S." probably was Colonel A.W. Von Schmidt, U.S. astronomer, engineer and surveyor, called "The Colonel" in the diary, according to an investigator for the Nevada Attorney General's office (1977).

[11] The nearest "town" probably would be Aurora, Nevada.

[12] This peak was named for James M. Brawley, a prospector of the 1860s. It sometimes was spelled "Braly."

[13] A mineral lake 25 miles south of Bridgeport, Mono Co., Calif., 6409 elevation.

[14] The White Mountains extend in California from near Benton toward Bishop (north and east of it). Named for their color, made by dolomite rock.

[15] Benton, Calif., began its existence in a mining boom in 1865.

[16] Wickes probably meant 14,000 feet; elevation of White Mt. Peak, 14,246.

[17] Several geographical sites bear the name of a pioneer settler. Wickes spelled the ranch with an "e."

[18] Many large wagons would be too cumbersome in Death Valley soil.

[19] Grapevine Spring, Calif., a short distance from Scotty's Castle, still furnishes abundant water for this area.

[20] Amargosa (Bitter Water) Mountains and Valley, Nevada, extend over a long area east of Death Valley National Monument and the Funeral Mountains.

[21] The Funeral Mountains can be seen east of Furnace Creek Ranch, the headquarters of the National Monument area. They are light-colored rocks capped with black limestone or basalt.

[22] Mesquite Wells are named for the deep-rooted low-growing plant taking the place of most other vegetation, except at springs with willows, etc.

[23] A leather-leaf ash grows in this region.

[24] Ivanpah, San Bernardino Co., was probably a trading camp, developed for the mines about 1870.

[25] Mohave was named because of the warlike Yuman tribe of Indians around there. Fort Mohave was established for protection on the Colorado desert where California, Nevada and Arizona meet, near Needles, Calif.

[26] The Cucamonga Ranch in western San Bernardino County was noted for wine. Upland was established in the area later.

[27] Wickes calls Von Schmidt, the Colonel, Von Smith.

[28] Verdi is a small town on the highway from Sacramento to Reno.